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THE WEEK

Alabama Aroused

THERE are diseases of the state as well as of the human body. Such a pestilent fever as that of the Ku Klux Klan is sure to be followed by reaction. Alabama has suffered from this pestilence, and is now on the way to recovery.

The theory that the way to make a community moral is to violate its laws and make cruelty by hooded mobs take the place of its courts has had its day in Alabama, and its practitioners are now themselves criminals before the courts. In one county a special Grand Jury returned over a hundred indictments against hooded "regulators." The Judge denounced "the rule of mask and lash." The "Exalted Cyclops" fled the State.

But the most remarkable change has been on the part of Attorney-General McCall. He has openly confessed membership with the Klan, has resigned that membership, has denounced its cruelties and spoken of its work as a cowardly reign of terror. He seems particularly affected by the fact that Klan methods have driven men out of employment and asserts (wrongly, we hope) that "the State is powerless to cope with this brand of intimidation which carries the sting of want to defenseless women and helpless children."

McCall is now earnestly promising to push the prosecution of the many flogging cases on the docket, but it is said that in the worst cases (the Jefferson County whippings) 115 out of 125 jurymen called were Klansmen. An ex-Klan Attorney-General striving to convince a jury of Klansmen that the works of the Klan are criminal and detestable would be a novel and pleasing spectacle.

Mr. McCall's letter of resignation from the Klan maintains that the principles of the Klan were right but its leadership bad. One of those principles, he says, is to protect and preserve Protestantism; another, to preserve and protect the Anglo-Saxon race; another, to produce "tall men, sun-crowned, who damn treacherous flattery without winking." These are noble aims, but they hardly call for the senseless mummery of the K. K. K. A man of legal and political knowledge ought from the beginning to have known that secret and criminal acts of coercion and cruelty would follow, would have their little run of excitement and political success, and in the end would be repudiated by the law-abiding majority. So it has happened in other States; so it is now happening in Alabama.

Morrow and Mexico

As Dwight W. Morrow, the new American Ambassador to Mexico, reached his post General Arnulfo Gomez —the candidate for President who led the late revolt against the Calles Government—escaped across the border into Guatemala. His wife's family owns a ranch near the frontier, and it was said he evaded the thousands of soldiers and armed peons pursuing him and sought refuge there. So—with his associate, General Serrano, executed—the movement which he headed ends in rout.

The story of how Federal officers and troops killed Serrano casts a disturbing new light on conditions in Mexico. Evidently they murdered him without even a court martial, entering his home and shooting him out of hand. José Elguero, leading editorial writer of the "Excelsior" of Mexico City, expelled from the Mexican capital, said in an interview at San Antonio, Texas, that the slayers not only shot but stabbed and beat and tortured Serrano, and that they acted under orders from General Alvaro Obregon, formerly President and now the only candidate for the office to succeed Calles.

Furthermore, reports of a split between Calles and Obregon have come from Mexico City through citizens of the United States arriving at San Antonio.

The accuracy and meaning of all the conflicting accounts of affairs in Mexico are impossible to estimate. We have reason to be glad that an Ambassador of the cool judgment and international experience of Mr. Morrow is in charge of the interests of the United States. He faces an emergency as difficult as any envoy from Washington has had to meet.

From New York to New York

IN aviation there are records and records. Some are for wondrous feats; others, for serious well-planned work. Lindbergh completed on October 23 his tour of 22,350 miles in his tried and true partner, the Spirit of St. Louis. He was one minute late in the final flight from Philadelphia to Mitchel Field, New York, and in his eighty-two voyages through all the forty-eight States he was just once delayed by fog. Not Lindbergh luck, but Lindbergh promptness, skill, and accuracy account for this achievement. Now the famous "We" will be divided before long, the plane to take its place in the Smithsonian, the aviator to continue to help the cause of aviation in whatever way seems best.

The plan of the long educational journey was adopted to make people everywhere realize that aviation is no longer a sport, but a business; that modern airplane equipment may be depended upon to do steady, regular work, and that aviation can be made a definite, timed, means of transportation.

Incidentally, Lindbergh's offhand, modest talks have made personal friends for him among many thousands who have admired his conduct and now like him both as man and as aviator. He made 147 speeches and about as many parades—this was his hard work; the flights were play.

"Safe as a railroad train," said Mr. H. F. Guggenheim, head of the Guggenheim Fund for Promotion of Aeronautics, which made this long tour possible. And by that he meant that this flight was planned to run on schedules that could be observed, in a plane that was made and kept safe for its pilot, so that it reached each city at 2 P.M. as promptly as the railway trains kept to their time-tables.

The tour increased public interest in

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Wide World

At the end of 22,350 miles in the air

three ways, Assistant Secretary MacCracken points out: by stimulating interest in the air mail—one evidence is a very large increase in pounds of mail carried; by encouraging cities to build or improve airports; by showing that present-day air equipment is sound and trustworthy.

Fight Films

PRIZE-FIGHTERS can travel freely about the country. A match between the champion heavyweight of the world and the former champion may be staged in a great arena at Chicago and thousands of people may legally attend the spectacle. But a Federal law prohibits the transportation of the representation of that prize-fight in moving-picture films.

What sinister spirit is there in a "fight film" that makes it so much worse than the products of child labor?

That it is Constitutional to prohibit inter-State commerce in fight films is well established by decisions in the United States Supreme Court. The question is not whether it is Constitutional, but whether it is wise. How did such a law ever come to pass?

It is about fifteen years old. At that time prize-fighting had sunk to a very low estate. So obnoxious had the so-called sport become that in most States it was illegal. Nevada was a State in which it was still permitted, and there was staged the battle between Jeffries and Johnson—white man against black. Circumstances had made this match a focus of bitter racial animosity. There was no such regulation of professional boxing as there is today. The laws of the States that prohibited boxing were a real expression of prevailing sentiment throughout the Nation. Under those circumstances, a Federal law prohibiting inter-State transportation of fight films was virtually inevitable. To prohibit prize-fighting in a State and then to let films picturing a fight be shown would be thoroughly inconsistent. The States themselves are powerless to exclude such films by State law. Inter-State transportation is not within the powers of the State. That comes under the regulation solely of the Federal Government.

So the Federal law was passed.

As a consequence, partly of the law but more especially of the public sentiment that put the law on the statute-books, there began a movement for boxing reform. Now in various States there are boxing commissions to regulate professional boxing contests. Though there are many evils yet connected with the professional prize ring, the so-called sport is on a basis very different from that of fifteen years ago. And yet the Federal law forbidding the inter-State transportation of fight films remains on the statute-books and is enforced. It is certainly open to debate whether the law should not now be modified. Films of boxing matches conducted under regulation should, it would seem, be admissible to States in which regulated boxing itself is legal.

No Man's Land in Asia

CHINA seems to be again a chaos with all signposts down. The apparently comprehensible line-up of southern Nationalists against northern militarists, which gave Americans some hope of a clear-cut issue between Canton and Peking, has vanished. In its place is a hurly-burly of local scraps.

Chang Tso-lin, of Manchuria, has evidently beaten back Yen Hsi-shan, of Shansi, from the northern capital. Feng Yu-hsiang—Yen's supposed ally—is reported to have invaded part of his province. Meanwhile, in the central provinces the Nanking Government is sending an expedition up the Yangtze River against General Tang Shen-tse, the "war lord" at Hankow, suspected of bargaining with Chang and the northern alliance of chieftains. And in the south there are rumors of disorders at Foochow and piracy around Canton.

At the same time Great Britain has withdrawn the larger part of her emergency force, which she concentrated in and around the International Settlement at Shanghai, leaving only about 6,000 out of her total of 20,000 troops. The remainder, with the American, French, and Japanese detachments, are evidently enough to assure safety to the foreign residents.

So ends what alarmists heralded as intervention by the Powers.

Athens's Agora

THE news that funds have been provided by an American donor who prefers to remain unknown to complete the work preparatory to the excavation of Athens's ancient market-place is of the highest interest to classicists and archæologists.

What treasures of art and architecture lie beneath this plain spreading out

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(C) Keystone

EXHUMING THE PAST

The Acropolis of Athens and the plain at its foot, where excavations are bringing to light the past glories of Greece

before the Acropolis is, of course, a matter of conjecture; but Pausanias described it glowingly, and there is probably no place in the world so rich in possibilities. History and art memories abound in the records of the place. One "restoration" of the Agora—just how fanciful we do not know—shows it crowded with temples, columns, libraries, and statues. It existed centuries before classical Greece came into existence.

In this case the preparation is a large part of the undertaking. It is this which has held longing archæologists at bay. Several thousand people live on the present surface; 450 separate pieces of property have to be bought. Professor Copps, of Princeton, Chairman of the Managing Committee of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, is quoted as saying:

> The findings in this district, the systematic excavation of which has been the dream of archæologists since the time of the liberation of Greece from Turkish domination, will probably be exceedingly rich. Small private diggings have assured this. Progress will be slow and careful. We can use no steam shovels. In some places within the area to be excavated the ruins crop out above the surface of the ground, and in others they lie buried beneath thirty feet of earth.

It had been planned to ask American universities to unite in furnishing funds for the tremendous project. When the announcement of the anonymous donation was published, the press got the idea that all funds needed ($2,500,000 was the sum suggested) would be available from the same source. Professor Copps, in a letter to the New York "Times," has corrected this by saying: "As a matter of fact, the school has received the sum of $250,000 for the purpose of enabling it to negotiate the concession with the Greek Government and to make a beginning of the actual excavation. Beyond this there is no commitment and no obligation."

From one source or another the means to push the plans will be found, and the project fostered by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens will be carried to completion.

Another Debate on Prohibition

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, now finds himself confronted by no less skillful a debater than Clarence Darrow.

Debates are no longer confined to the platform, but have been extended first to magazines and now to books. Professor Fisher has argued for National prohibition in his book "Prohibition at Its Worst" (the Macmillan Company). Mr. Darrow has just replied, with the aid of Victor S. Yarros, in a book called "The Prohibition Mania" (Boni & Liveright). Professor Fisher deals with this subject as if he were addressing a class of students; Mr. Darrow, as if he were addressing a jury.

Professor Fisher has the air of an impartial investigator; Mr. Darrow has the air of a thundering attorney. Since Professor Fisher is a statistician and depends a good deal upon his figures for his conclusions, he is justly held accountable for the accuracy of his data. It is the two chapters in which Mr. Darrow with his colleague assails the statistics which Professor Fisher presents in the form of charts that are most seriously worthy of attention. Mr. Darrow treats Professor Fisher's figures unmercifully. He points out, for example, that one of these charts is based upon what Mr. Fisher himself says is R. A. Carradini's "shrewd estimate" made "from data of the Federal Government." Mr. Darrow calls these estimates "fictions." Estimates are by no means, however, necessarily fictions, as one who has built a house and gets estimates from a builder very well knows; but the value of such estimates depends upon the man who makes them; and therefore the credibility of these figures will depend upon the faith of the reader in the ability and judgment of Professor Fisher.

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With many readers Mr. Darrow's style may be effective. He uses language like a bludgeon and lays about him with vigor. With other readers, less affected by rhetoric, Mr. Darrow's style will be not only ineffective for its purpose but actually adverse to it. A man really sure of his ground does not call his opponent names; but Mr. Darrow (or Mr. Yarros) starts out by classifying Professor Fisher with "pseudo-scientific advocates." Some of Mr. Darrow's language could be easily paraphrased and turned against him. For instance, he says concerning one statement of Professor Fisher's: "We wonder just what did induce the Professor to write this trash and publish it in a book." So an opponent of Mr. Darrow might quote his statement that there is no appreciable relation between crime and intoxicating liquors, or his statement that the liquor business is easily controlled, and make exactly the same comment: "We wonder just what did induce Mr. Darrow to write this trash and publish it in a book." Such arguments get one nowhere.

Clarence Darrow

Those who regard prohibition as an outrage upon personal liberty will hail Mr. Darrow's book as a masterpiece; but most of those who regard prohibition as at least a social experiment that has been productive of some good and that is worth a thorough trial will, we think, remain unconvinced by Mr. Darrow's arguments.

It is a joyous debate. It is likely to arouse a good deal of thinking. The worst that could happen to prohibition would be public indifference to it. Both sides should read both books. Those who believe most heartily in prohibition should be the most eager to have it subjected to this very kind of discussion.

Humors Across the Sea

A Methodist with a sense of humor introduced in the Methodist preachers' meeting in Chicago recently a resolution of commiseration with the late King George III and the present King George V. These two Kings, according to the resolution, have been suffering under "the scorpion lash of affliction." The lash, it is hardly necessary to say, has been administered by Mayor Thompson, of Chicago, and his supporters in their effort to eliminate "British propaganda" from the teaching of American history in the Chicago public schools. Indeed, the patriotic endeavor is reaching out to the public library with the purpose of gathering together the "pro-British history books" there and burning them in a bonfire on the lake front. In the meantime, Superintendent McAndrew, on trial for insubordination and lack of patriotism, remarks that "boards of education form the chief obstacle to education in America today."

On the other side of the water there also seems to be a sense of humor in discussing relations between the United States and Great Britain. A debater in Balliol College, Oxford, declared that the danger from America was greater than from Russia with its bombs, for, said he, "the first real danger from America is Americanism, by which I mean hustle, chewing-gum, extreme egotism, and disrespect for law and tradition." But this debater's opponent protested that there is no danger of war from America, for, said he, "Americans are peaceful. They are always marching under somebody else's triumphal arch." And a newspaper, the London "Evening News," has discovered another source of danger from America; for, he says, "American pie breeds dyspepsia, dyspepsia breeds restlessness, and restlessness begets a feverish but none the less formidable material progress." Cannot Mayor Thompson take a cue from this and in defense of his country cultivate the consumption of pie in Chicago?

The Unending War for Humanity

Every year in November, and beginning appropriately on Armistice Day, the American Red Cross confirms and strengthens its unique position as representative of the people in time of disaster, in home service, in training of nurses to fight diseases. The Red Cross does not make money drives in the ordinary sense; once a year by its Roll Call it asks its members to renew their allegiance and strives to increase the membership—this month, for instance, it hopes to raise the total to five million people, "because of increased demand for service, particularly disaster relief."

Irving Fisher

We note that last week one of the labor leaders gave as a reason why the Roll should not be called in the Brooklyn Navy Yard the allegation that there is no war going on, therefore the Red Cross is not needed!

He should read Herbert Hoover's words: "Even so late as eight years ago we regarded the Red Cross as the signal of mercy and protection from the disaster of war; but today it has become a new symbol, the banner of mercy and skilled protection from the disaster of flood, fire, and storm." Let him and those who have the same notion read also in the latest official statement that "nearly a million persons, victims of ninety-eight disasters, have received assistance from the American Red Cross during the organization's last fiscal year. Throughout the civilized world, and especially in this country, floods raging over thousands of miles, fires destroying whole villages, tornadoes and hurricanes sweeping over entire States, and death-dealing explosions, combined to make the year one of unprecedented calamities."

Every one knows what the Red Cross did in the Mississippi Valley; but how many remember that, for instance, it helped a hundred people in a railway

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According to the Cartoonists

Chapin in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

Quaking ground

From Gertrude L. Snyder, Coatesville, Pa.

Marcus in the New York Times

" And everywhere that Mary went "

From Miss Dora Albert, New York, N. Y.

Rose in the New York Evening World

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" Hey ! You're under arrest !"

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Kirby in the New York World

" Better let papa read it first "

From E. K. Van Alstyne, Kinderhook, N. Y.

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wreck, as many more in an explosion, wrestled with a typhoid epidemic in a city, taught first aid to a quarter of a million people, trained over seven thousand girls and women in home hygiene, and so on, and so on—a long list of things done here, there, and everywhere.

The American Red Cross is a National institution in its Governmental affiliation, its universal field of work, and in the make-up of its membership.

Akin to the Red Cross work is the annual Christmas Seal Sale. The Outlook has a special feeling about this, because it helped, through Jacob Riis, to introduce the custom. Now seals are sent out by the National Tuberculosis Association and, by their sale and distribution on letters, help in the great fight against the white enemy.

The Basis for Railway Valuation

HAVE the courts granted to public utilities the right to base the valuation of their properties on the cost of reproduction? If so, then in a growing country these utilities can charge the community for value that the community has created. That means, for example, that when people pay a railway for transporting goods they pay it also for its privilege of owning property the value of which has been increased by the industry and development of the people themselves.

In an article in The Outlook for October 5, entitled "One Man Beats 150," Hugh Russell Fraser said that the United States Supreme Court on six different occasions "had upheld the 'reproduction new' theory." In a letter to The Outlook Ganson Taggart, City Attorney of Grand Rapids, Michigan, takes issue with this statement. He writes:

> I have been engaged in rate litigation for some nine years past, representing the public as opposed to various utilities. One of the hardest problems we have had to meet was the propaganda of the utilities seeking to impress upon the public that the courts had granted them and had established their right to a reproduction valuation. They state this so often that they not only mislead the public but eventually come to believe it themselves.

Mr. Taggart's letter is too long to quote in full; but by citation of opinions it seems to establish his contention.

In the Southwestern Bell Telephone case, for instance, the Supreme Court said that it was "impossible to ascertain what will amount to a fair return upon properties . . . without giving consideration to the cost of labor, supplies, etc., at the time the investigation is made." The Court also took into consideration "probable future value." In another case—that of the Georgia Railway and Power Company—the same Court declared that "the refusal of the Commission and of the lower Court to hold that, for rate-making purposes, the physical properties of a utility must be valued at the replacement cost, less depreciation, was clearly correct."

In still another case (Newton vs. Consolidated Gas Company) the Master, who was upheld by the Supreme Court, said that the company's "rate of return should be calculated, not upon the present high reproduction cost of its property, with or without deduction of observed or actual depreciation, in whatever manner computed, but upon the actual, reasonable investment in the property devoted to the service of the complainant's customers."

In one case William Jennings Bryan actually argued for reproduction cost as a basis of valuation. This was at a time when reproduction cost of most railways was less than the investment. The Supreme Court rejected the plea and specifically mentioned several factors that should enter into the estimate of a fair value.

The Danger to the Investor

THOUGH Mr. Taggart believes that much can be said for original cost as a basis, as that "safeguards the investor, assuring him a return on money actually spent for the public service, and requires the public served to pay no more than a just return on such investment," the Court, as he views it, "has squarely held that neither original cost nor reproduction is the basis for a proper valuation; but a 'reasonable judgment having its basis in a proper consideration of all the relevant facts.'"

Mr. Taggart shrewdly adds: "The danger to the investor, should reproduction really be the basis, is so patent that it would seem no company in good faith could properly urge it, as the investor in such case stands, if prices go down, to lose his investment."

In commenting upon the points made by Mr. Taggart Mr. Fraser writes: "The examination of six public utility cases taken on appeal to the Supreme Court—notably that of the Indianapolis Water Company—reveals that the Court has held that 'dominant weight' should be given the 'reproduction new' estimate. If railroad attorneys are erroneous, as Mr. Taggart points out, in asserting that such a position by the Court is an affirmation of their 'reproduction new' viewpoint, then most certainly I am glad to note the fact; for it further strengthens the position of the advocates of the prudent investment theory."

Out of Russia

THOSE who come out from Russia generally bring with them the opinions and impressions they had before they reached that country. A recent meeting in New York City listened to reports from delegates who visited Russia as representing American trade unions. This committee was not officially sent by the American Federation of Labor, and its report does not represent the Federation's views. In fact, the Federation, we understand, has positively repudiated the committee's claim to represent organized labor.

One radical member of the delegation said he could find nothing to criticise, and the report generally painted conditions in Russia in the brightest colors.

On the other hand, Mr. S. B. Axtell, who is a member of the International Seamen's Union, differed as far as could be conceived from these rosy views of the Soviet experiment. He said (over the radio, for he did not attend the meeting) that law as we understand the word does not exist in Russia; that thirty-five persons in a committee dictate law and conduct for the people of Russia; that the Russian idea of liberty as it is held today is the reverse of the Anglo-Saxon idea. Mr. Axtell wrote in reply to the invitation to attend this meeting: "I will agree with you that Russia is an interesting country, but to me it was the most dismal and unhappy place I ever was in, and I hope that the kind of government they are endeavoring to build will be confined to the Russian territory forever."

"What Is that Bright Star?"

THOSE who are astronomically inclined have frequently been asked this fall to identify the brilliant star that is seen each evening in the southeast and south; also the dazzling star that glitters in the early morning skies. They are the planets Jupiter and Venus, and, of course, there is nothing of scientific news value in their presence, for these two have many times occupied the same positions since the stars first commanded the attention of man. The stars—dis-

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tant suns—are relatively fixed, but the planets occupy these conspicuous positions only a few weeks or months at most at a time.

Jupiter has got into astronomic news of late—astronomers have been taking his temperature. Through a telescope of medium power Jupiter is seen to be ringed with roughly parallel bands. Until comparatively recently it was taught that these betokened a red-hot world, especially because of the presence of an immense round brick-red area known as the "Great Red Spot." We now know, however, that the most of what we see on Jupiter is cold—frigid, in fact—being about 225 degrees below our familiar Fahrenheit zero.

What do we see on Jupiter? Clouds of gas in turbulent agitation, icy winds that blow at the constant rate of over two hundred miles an hour—these are what hide the actual surface of Jupiter. The physicist Coblentz, of the United States Bureau of Standards, has measured the temperature of these gases by means of the same delicate apparatus used for measuring that of Mars, the vacuum thermocouple, and found that it revealed the intense frigidity of the giant planet. It seems pretty conclusive, therefore, that these gases are those which do not liquefy at the temperatures ascertained; and only such inert gases as oxygen, helium, and neon will answer to that description. There is indirect evidence, however, that the solid globe far beneath this deep cloud is at least warm.

To discover that ideas imparted to us in our youth are essentially wrong is something of a wrench, hence the recent determination that three other members of the sun's family—Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune—are equally frigid on the surface may also upset some of us.

Before Jupiter gets out of convenient reach after November those who can lay hold of even common opera-glasses would do well to focus them on his orb, for the expected purpose of seeing, not of course his interesting surface markings, far beyond the power of such a glass, but his satellites. Of the nine, four may thus be seen with ease, for they are all about the size of our own moon. It was these four tiny dabs of yellow lying near Jupiter that gave Galileo his first discovery when in 1610 he completed his famous telescope.

If we look with our little glass at Venus early before the dawn we shall see, nearly as well as astronomers can see with any telescope, all of her that is visible. For Venus, incongruously enough, is always clothed in a thick garment of clouds and hides well most of her secrets. To many, however, she offers one surprise—when magnified her shining figure is seen to be a crescent, like the new moon. Few, by the way, know that Venus may be clearly seen at midday with the unaided eye, if one knows where to look.

Underwood & Underwood

PROFESSOR WARDEN, OF COLUMBIA, AND THE DOG WHO PASSED A PSYCHOLOGY TEST

Fellow, a German shepherd dog, understands between 300 and 400 words and has been given the rating of an eight-year old-boy

A Prosperity Prediction

THOSE who have the feeling that prosperity comes and goes in cycles are apt to shake their heads when we have had several successive years of good times, and to predict an early impending reversal. This has a certain measure of reason—a high-peak level cannot be sustained indefinitely. But those close to the large movements of finance and commerce weigh and measure actual conditions rather than theories.

If any one should be in a position to judge of the indications, it is the banker. At the annual meeting of the American Bankers Association, at Houston, the view, as gathered by a correspondent of the New York "Herald Tribune," of many influential bankers concerning the probability of continued prosperity was encouraging. One element that weighed with them was the fact that farmers will get better prices this year than for some time past. One banker put it in this way: "Probably for the first time since 1920 agriculture is catching step with industry. If this pace can be maintained, I see no reason why business cannot continue to go forward." Another was pleased at knowing that the farmer has become more businesslike and is more inclined to work out his own problems than to leave them to politicians.

It is true that there has been some decline in activity in certain industries, but this is due, it was thought, to excessive activity in the immediate past, which has in some directions overdone production. Apart from lesser indications and temporary aspects, these bankers, who come from every part of the country and know about every kind of commercial activity, feel confident that even though 1928 may not be able to maintain the peak reached by 1927, it will be free from serious disturbances.

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State and Federal Elections

SHOULD we elect our Governors when we elect our Presidents? Or, should we elect our Governors in other years when we choose public officers of no greater importance? Those alternatives have been before the voters of New Jersey, and they have voted by a large majority against putting Presidential and the gubernatorial elections always at the same time. These alternatives are now before the voters of the State of New York.

In New Jersey the term of the Governor is for three years. Consequently, once every twelve years the election for Governor coincides with the election of a President. Otherwise not. In New York the term of Governor is for two years. In every Presidential election a Governor is elected, but a Governor is also elected in intervening years.

At first, the argument for keeping the election for Governor separate from the election of President seems most convincing. It is generally acknowledged that in municipal elections the voters should not be confused by other than municipal issues, and therefore the municipal elections should take place by themselves. The same process of reasoning would seem to point to State elections separate from those for Federal officers. Within its own sphere, the State, according to our theory of government, is sovereign; it is the State which exercises most of the governmental jurisdiction over individuals. It is the State which defines most crime, prosecutes the accused, and punishes the convicted. It is the State which creates municipalities and corporations; it is the State, in brief, which performs most of those functions of government which are regarded by other peoples as belonging to the Nation. When the people of New York select their Legislature or their Governor, they are doing most of what the people of England do when they choose their Parliament and indirectly their Government. It therefore would seem to be of the utmost importance that the people of the State should be able to give their undivided attention to the selection of the Governor and those who are to serve at the same time with him in legislative or executive office. It is notorious, however, that during a Presidential election the people of most of the States have their minds focused, not on their several State governments, but upon the Capitol and the White House at Washington. If, therefore, the people of a State are to consider State issues apart from National issues, they should have for the purpose a State election at a separate time. This, in brief, is the argument, a very strong argument, for keeping State and Federal elections separate. But there is another side to be considered.

If democracy as it has developed into representative government in the United States should break down, it would be largely because of the indifference of the mass of the voters. Nothing can create such indifference more effectually than a sense of futility. If the voters once get the idea that politics is confusing, complicated, and more or less meaningless, they will turn their minds to other matters—to their business, to their pleasures, to anything but Government. The surest way to create that sense of confusion and futility in the minds of the voters is by the multiplication of elections and of the number of offices which the voters are called upon to fill. A great mass of people cannot be kept in a continued state of interest in any one subject. They must feel that the questions before them are simple, fundamental, and important. Otherwise, they will not pay attention to them. They will let those questions be decided by those of their number who have a taste for public life. This is the reason for the falling off of the proportion of voters in the elections during what are commonly called "off years." The one time when voters are most ready to go to the polls, most ready to give their thought to public questions, most concerned with the questions of government, is when a President is to be elected. It is easier for a man once in four years to give his thought to all the public questions that are likely to come before him than it is for him to give every year or two part of his attention to part of those questions. It is notorious that in the so-called "off years" the vote that is cast largely consists of those upon whom the party politicians can depend. Multiply the elections, and you enhance the power of the party leaders. Every movement for less frequent elections and for a shorter ballot has been pushed against the influence of the bosses.

The real choice, therefore, seems to be between the danger of confusing the voter by having too many kinds of questions at one time and the danger of confusing the voter by calling upon him too many times to make decisions. Are the voters more likely to think clearly when they are called to the polls often on separate questions or when they are called to the polls less frequently and then asked to review both State and Federal issues?

From the point of view of party responsibility, there are also two sides to the question.

Our National parties are really composed each of forty-eight State parties. There is a vast difference between the Democratic Party of North Carolina and the Democratic Party of New York City. There is also an equally great difference between the Republican Party of Oregon and the Republican Party of Philadelphia. The question, therefore, arises whether independent voting and at the same time party responsibility may not be increased by separating Federal and State elections. On the other hand, just because of the differences between the States will not the responsibility of the National party be increased and independence in National voting be promoted by bringing State and Federal issues up side by side and calling upon the voters to distinguish between them, voting one way on their State tickets and another way on their Federal ticket?

In New York and New Jersey, where this question has been brought before the voters, the Democratic organizations have in general favored the separation of the elections and the Republican organizations have favored their union. This is natural. The Democrats are more likely to win their elections in the off years, the Republicans in the Presidential years. To strong partisans these facts seem important, but they ought to be ignored by the ordinary voter. The real question is what is going ultimately to do most for the development and responsibility of our representative form of government. Those who believe that State issues are important enough not only to deserve but to

As We

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See It

command the attention of the great body of voters will urge the separation of State and Federal elections. Those, on the other hand, who believe that the essence of our Government consists in part in comparing State and Federal issues and holding a true balance between them, and who also believe that the great danger in representative government is scattering the attention of the voters and allowing them to become indifferent by calling upon them to vote too often, will advocate putting State and Federal elections at the same time.

Wanted—a Statesman

THE OUTLOOK believes—

That the purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment was the destruction of the legalized liquor traffic.

That the destruction of the legalized liquor traffic represents a tremendous political and economic advance.

That there still remains a vast liquor problem which must be solved by social methods.

That in the pursuit of this end it is illegitimate to break down or infringe upon the hard-won guaranties which assure us the protection of our homes from invasion.

That the problem of the home brewer and the home wine-maker falls within the field of personal temperance rather than public law.

That the liquor question will never be solved rightly until an accurate line has been drawn between what can be accomplished by prohibition and what can be accomplished by temperance.

That the crying needs of the hour are for honest enforcement of the original purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment and constructive social statesmanship in the field of temperance.

What statesman, what thinker, what citizen, will come forward with a constructive suggestion?

The Outlook proposes to ask this question, in and out of season, until the answer is found.

Tax Reduction or Debt Reduction?

IN one respect it pays to be generous. That is, in estimating possible strains on the public treasury. If the country is going to be disappointed, it is better to expect little and have much in its coffers than to expect much and have little or less than nothing at all.

At least that is the principle upon which Secretary Mellon, of the Treasury Department, seems to have worked. As a consequence, the American people have the pleasant problem of deciding what to do with the surplus. The Democratic leaders in Congress, Mr. Garner in the House and Mr. Simmons in the Senate, want to use this surplus by making a great reduction of taxes. The amount is something like half a billion dollars. That simply means to cut off the surplus by reducing the Government's income. To a certain extent reducing taxes may increase the income, but that is not the purpose of the Democratic proposals.

There are two objections:

One is that there may not, after all, be such a surplus as we expect. Revenues have a way of falling off below estimates. Another objection—and one perhaps more serious—is that a sweeping tax reduction would make impossible an otherwise possible reduction of the National debt. Now, when the country is prosperous and when taxes have been already very considerably reduced, is the time when debt reduction can be most easily made. If we are going to make additional reductions in our debt, now is the time to plan them.

The Fall War Game

SIT behind the coaches' bench at one of the big football games—if you can get a seat in that coveted section—and notice how the field generals call out their men for action:

"Brown! McAndrew! Warm up!"

The members of the squad chosen for the scrimmage line leap into action, practice passes and falling on the ball, run up and down—faces set in grim lines, eyes glancing seriously at the shifting center of conflict. There is no joking about it; the business is in dead earnest.

Scrimmage? Skirmish, rather. Football, for all that it is sport, has developed the psychological elements of organized combat, and even acquired some of its phraseology of field tactics and strategy. Marshal Foch, of France, on his visit to America, witnessed one of the big games at New Haven. At the end of the first quarter one of his aides, who had been silent all through the moments of play, snapped out the laconic comment: *"Sont diables!"* And at the end of the first half, the Chief of the Allied Supreme Command is said to have remarked, "Now I understand the attacking drive of the American Army."

No other nation has shown a tendency to evolve anything like this direct man-to-man and mass-to-mass test of strength. Out of the old Rugby game, with its open running and no interference, its permission of passing during a run, and its general principle of favoring individual skill, the people of the United States have made a game of unified team play that is distinctive and unique. The forward pass and other modifications of the rules in recent years have not altered this basic character of the game. No other people shows a taste for such a contest of matched forces. The ancient Romans might have developed something like it—if it had occurred to them—and bucked the line with brass helmets. But football, with its combination of plunging backs and surging lines, corresponds to something fundamental in American instincts which it expresses and satisfies.

For that reason there is a growing disposition to over-nationalize the game—to match the East against the West and to build up gradually to a climax of competition for a continental championship. That would be to carry the logic of the college leagues too far, and to establish a superorganized sport. The trend needs to be recognized and forestalled, if possible. The saner way is to continue the traditional system of regional rivalries of college against college, university against university. To go further is to give undue emphasis to what is, after all, only an unusually dramatic and picturesque game and to put unwarranted strain on boys in their years of training for their real careers. Yet the inclination, in this time of country-wide consolidation along all lines, may prove hard to resist.

William James once wrote that the world needs a moral equivalent for war. America advances football. Even to the victors looting the field of the vanquished, the substitute is complete.

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How Do You Know What You Know?

An Amateur's Adventure in Psychology

By HAROLD T. PULSIFER

THOSE eminent gentlemen who have invented a whole new vocabulary in which to rephrase some of the commoner experiences of mankind have rediscovered much of interest concerning human intelligence. The experiences which they describe were quite familiar to the elder theologians worrying about the relationship between the flesh and the devil. Their language, however, would probably be quite as incomprehensible to Jonathan Edwards as his is to them. Being neither a theologian nor a psychologist, and not being particularly impressed with the cant phrases of either school, it seems to me that the conclusions of both can be summed up in very simple words.

1. What we learn as children affects our lives more strongly than anything else.

2. Most adults think in childish terms.

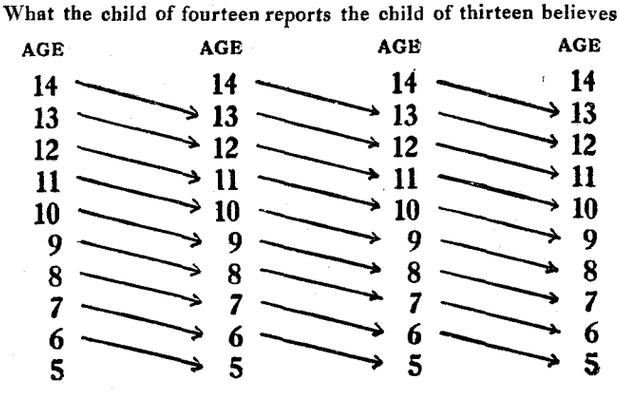
So far as I can see, modern psychology has not gone much beyond these plain conclusions. It has not offered any adequate explanation as to why the formative period of character is so largely confined to childhood or why when we reach physical maturity we insist upon our childhood concepts.

I think the explanation can be found in the fact that we learn most effectively from the teachers with whom we have the most intimate contacts, and those teachers are seldom found in positions of authority in our homes, schools, or colleges.

Our most intimate teachers are those with whom we play and fight as children. Count up the number of hours which the child spends in contact with adults and compare it with the number of hours which the child spends in intimate relationship with other children, and you will readily see how inevitably it results that the most powerful and lasting impressions came from the child's own contemporaries. At no period in life are contacts so intimate or so influential as they are in childhood.

We know that there are traditions and customs, habits and beliefs, which are transmitted directly from child to child without any help from the adult world. Boys transmit to one another the traditional time for top spinning, kite flying, Hallowe'en frolics, and the hanging of May baskets with little or no help from their elders. Their elders blissfully imagine, perhaps, that such a superficial list as this comprises most of the information which is handed from child to child. They do not realize that in this top-spinning, kite-flying world there exists a philosophy of sex and religion which is passed from childish mind to childish mind as effectively as the knowledge of the proper date to hang ticktacks on a neighbor's window. If they did, they would have long ago found the explanation of the fact that both Jove and Jehovah wear long gray whiskers, and why unreal romance is permitted to destroy the romance of real living.

PERHAPS the impact of this contemporary teaching can be illustrated best by a simple diagram. One column represents the age of the child's most effective teachers; the other, the age of the child pupil. When the child is six, it imitates, studies, and aspires to the accomplishments of the child of seven. What the child of seven reports the child of six believes. The child of eleven looks for his knowledge of life to the child of twelve, and so on up and down the column. Below the age of fourteen there is a vast world, self-sufficient and self-perpetuating. It is a world only indirectly influenced by the adult world, which is at once so near and so remote. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the child who learns from a child continues to think like a child when, according to his physical age, he is classed as an adult? Is it any wonder that the psychological tests of the army showed that the average mental age of our population was in the neighborhood of fourteen years?



This table illustrates visually just how childhood is its own teacher

IT is difficult to search your mind and analyze its own development. You might test this theory of mine, however, by asking yourself or your friends a few leading questions.

When and how did you acquire your information concerning sex? How much has your conception of the function of sex changed since maturity?

When and how did you acquire your idea of God? How much has your conception of God changed since maturity?

Fortunate, indeed, are the children whose parents have the ability to lead them wisely and cautiously to an understanding of adult relationships. Of such parents come the children who are able to continue their mental development after the period of adolescence. During the whole period of their development their intellectual curiosity has been awakened and stimulated by glimpses of a world beyond the horizon of their own contemporaries. They are given a touch of that divine dissatisfaction which makes leaders of men and women.

There is perhaps more of that constructive restlessness in the minds of our present young people than has ever existed before in the history of the world. That is why old fogies throw up their hands in horror at the rising generation, and why the rest of us look forward with hope and delight to the time when the scepters of the world will pass into the hands of the youth of today.

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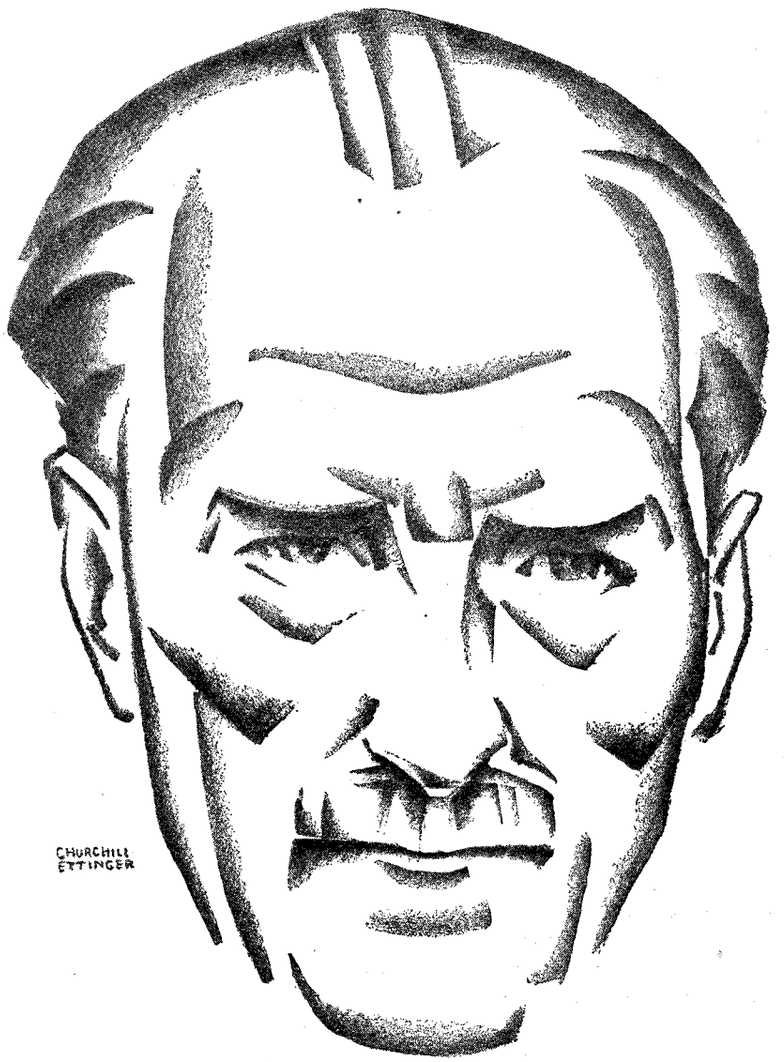
Steer Clear of Turkey

By HARRY A. FRANCK

I VERY recently returned from a journey through Turkey. Upon reaching the frontier my passport was taken away by a soldier canvassing the train, and was returned hours later as I neared my destination. Our State Department advises travelers to keep their passports always in their own possession, for very obvious reasons; yet even our consular officials, traveling on diplomatic passports, are compelled to hand them over to irresponsible soldiers when they enter Turkey. But let that pass. My first stop was Adana. By luck, there remain in Adana a few Americans still striving to maintain a mission hospital. For it was only through them that I learned that if I did not present myself to the local police within twenty-four hours of my arrival I should be subjected to a fine—and worse. The fine might not be serious, but it is still the Turkish way, as of yore, to keep the now helpless foreigner hanging about for a fortnight or a month before he is allowed to pay his fine and ask for permission to move on. I had to present myself before the police of Adana (armed with six portraits) and spend the morning waiting for a long tissue-paper document, bearing one of said likenesses, and permitting me to proceed to my next stop, Konia.

I had twenty-four hours in Konia. It should have been amply sufficient to fulfill the purposes of my visit. Yet they were not fulfilled, for I spent virtually all my time there, except eight hours of sleeping, in the police station, being batted back and forth like a tennis ball between unobliging, indifferent, and in some cases insulting minor officials. To top off the ordeal, I waited four and a half hours for the chief of police to return from the café where he spends most of his time, since his hastily scratched initials were necessary on my travel order before I could leave town. At that I was lucky, for I frequently met foreigners in Turkey who lost the daily train or worse for lack of such scratched initials in time.

Now that his rights under the capitulations are gone, the foreigner in Turkey cannot move hand or foot without the permission of the police. Soldiers bearing huge ledgers go through every train, examining, and usually taking up, the police permits of foreigners. If one of these is out of order, due to the innocent ignorance of said traveler—and seldom, indeed, will a Turkish official give a foreigner information on what he is expected to do—due to the carelessness or even the intentional malice of a bored clerk in a police station, he is hustled off the train and returned to the point of departure for trial. Even our officials holding diplomatic passports are required to report themselves to the police and ask permission to move on. No matter how great his hurry or what the reasons for his traveling, the foreigner in the "new" Turkey must report to the police within twenty-four hours after his arrival and before his departure at any stopping-place in the country.



Mustapha Kemal

THE accompanying article relates the experiences of a wise and seasoned observer.

It is only fair to Turkey, however, to remind the reader that one traveler's story is not the whole story, and that police regulations in regard to visitors are enforced in most countries.

Other observers in some parts of Turkey, both residents and tourists, report some hopeful signs of progress. —THE EDITORS.

MY next stop was Angora, the new capital. The police station there was a disgrace to civilization. Foul Arabs and European prostitutes were

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Underwood & Underwood

FROM THE SHIPS OF THE DESERT TO THE SHIPS OF THE SEA

A scene in Smyrna during the shipping season for figs

milling about with all other classes of foreigners, awaiting the good will of the indifferent petty officials behind the rat-holes that serve as wickets. Ladies were being jostled about in a way that no civilized woman should be; no favors whatever were shown them in the mêlée. This time eight portraits were required; and late in the afternoon I received permission to move on to the next town in my itinerary. There the same story repeated itself. When I returned to Angora a week later and reported, asking for permission to proceed to Constantinople, eight more portraits, to say nothing of a similar length of time and further football tactics, were required. One gets the impression that Kemal must have a fad of papering the walls of his bungalow in a rocky gorge above the new capital at Angora with the portraits of distressed foreigners.

I HAD planned to push on eastward and visit the eastern half of Turkey. But it simply isn't done. When I asked for permission to go to Erzerum, it was quickly and flatly refused. Having never before been proscribed in my goings and comings in any of the sixty or so countries I have visited, I asked for reasons. Foreigners were not allowed there, was all the explanation I was vouchsafed. The same short shrift was given my request to go to Kharpoot, Diarbekir, Van, Kars. The eastern end of Anatolia, the Asiatic region that is almost all that is left to Turkey, was tight closed against prying foreigners of whatever class or motive.

An anti-Kemalist and several Americans of long residence in the country at length confided the reason to me. In spite of a censorship unequaled in Western countries even in war times, the fact had leaked through that new massacres had been going on for some time in that part of the country. This time it was the Kurds who were in trouble. The Turks are natural bullies; they must have some one to pick on. The Greeks and Armenians and other Christians being virtually gone, they had fallen upon a racial minority of their own faith. Incredible as it may sound, the reason for the massacres this time was that some of the Kurds had refused to do away with the fez and adopt European headdress. Something in their own peculiar brand of religion makes this sacrilegious, and they were being hanged, deported, and their property confiscated —this last the main reason always for Turkish atrocities—on the charge of rebelling against the Kemal Government. We heard of the massacres of the Greeks and the Armenians; they had friends in the outside world and propaganda bureaus from which to make their wrongs heard. The Kurds, having none of these things, die silent martyrs.

Most of the American and other Christian missionaries have left Turkey. The few mission schools that remain must give only those subjects approved by the Kemal Government. The Government not merely specifies the curriculum, but names the holidays, requires the appointment of certain Turkish teachers, names the salary that must be paid them, and forbids absolutely anything even mildly suggestive of proselyting. To so much as show a Testament to a Turkish pupil is illegal. The superintendent of schools at Tarsus ordered the American boys' school there to hold classes on Sunday, to use the Koran instead of the Bible, and to conform to several other arbitrary religious rules. A few mission hospitals are still

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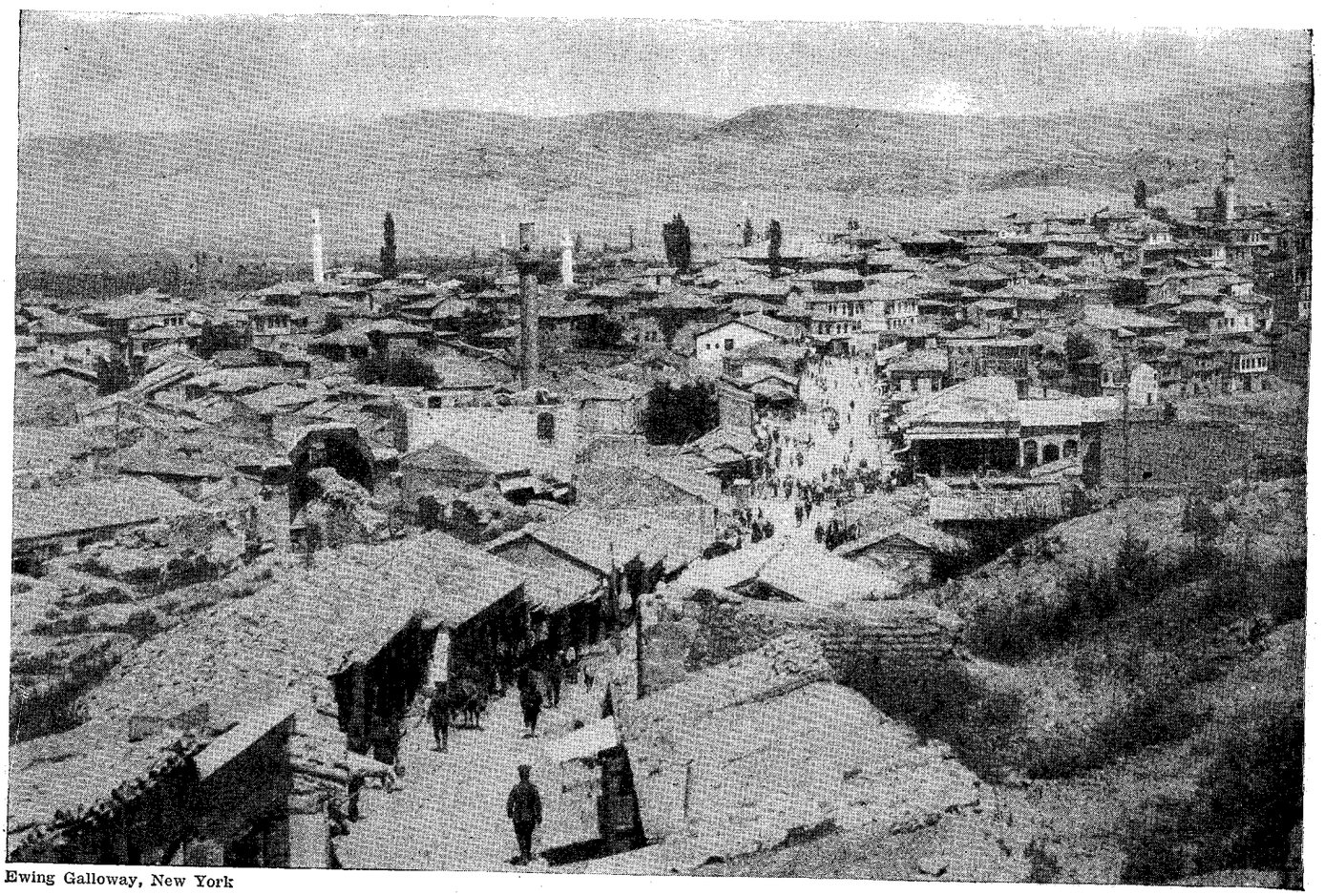

Ewing Galloway, New York

ANGORA, THE NEW CAPITAL OF TURKEY

Chosen because it is as far removed as possible from Constantinople

functioning, but the interference from the Turkish authorities is intense. Most of the few missionaries who remain are merely waiting and marking time in the largely vain hope that they will get permission again to work for the good of the masses.

THERE is an American missionary woman who has been all alone in the southeastern part of Anatolia for years. Her mission board has tried hard and long to get permission to send another worker to relieve her, or at least to bear her company, but without success. She might be allowed to leave, but only on condition of abandoning all the mission property and most of her own. She is allowed to write letters only in Turkish, and something like one in ten even in that language reach their destination. It is hardly necessary to add that she is within hearing distance of the Kurd massacres.

The American hospital at Marsivan was closed by order of Mustapha Kemal because the American director said within hearing of some spy that, while no one objected to democracy in Turkey, it was impossible to establish a democracy by wholesale hangings and other dictatorial acts. Fifteen professors of an American mission school were hanged because the authorities found a photograph in the school showing a football team of boys in blue and white (the Greek colors) sweaters and with the Greek as well as the Turkish flag flying above them. It had been taken years before at the time of a match between students representing the two nationalities.

Like the missionaries, commercial men are leaving Turkey. They cannot compete with the new monopolies, abetted by the grafting and the dilatory, unfair, unbusinesslike ways of the present Government. The Constantinople representative of one of our large tobacco companies has been months withdrawing his firm from the country, and the end has by no means arrived. Three times he had unpacked his office furniture, which he planned to move to Greece, for inspection, when last I saw him, and still had little hope of getting out when I left. An Englishman who held the lightering contracts with most foreign ships touching at Constantinople was forced more than a year ago to work exclusively for the harbor monopoly, and at last accounts had not received a piaster for his services.

In the old days the Sultans rewarded their favorites by farming out the taxes among them and permitting them to keep a large proportion of the collections. While taxes are far worse now than under the Sultans—being ubiquitous, arbitrary, yet bringing the people by no means benefits in proportion—the new stunt is the granting of monopolies. (The present Government, disguised under the name of republic, is a closed corporation of a score or so of men close to Kemal.) Most of them have done things which make it impossible safely to break with the dictator, however much they may wish to do so. These worthy Kemalists of high rank are given monopolies on many of the things of prime necessity. There are monopolies on almost everything—salt, sugar, tobacco, liquor, harbor rights, radio, even bathing; it is illegal to go swimming in Turkey except from an authorized bathhouse, after paying the corresponding fee to the monopolist. The poor *hamals*, or human pack-horses, that one still sees carrying atrocious loads in Constanti-

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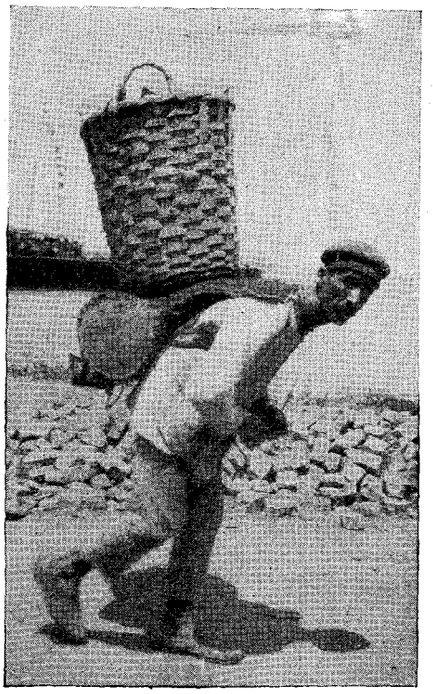
nople and other parts of Turkey now toil for bare food, while the profits of their grueling labors go to the political favorite who holds the *hamal* monopoly. Under the Sultans many of them (Kurds to a large extent) laid aside what to them were fortunes and went home to spend the last years of their lives in ease.

BE not led astray by the surface of things in the "new" Turkey. The present régime is eager to be considered progressive; it does not wish to be blamed for the crimes of the former régime. But the leopard does not change his spots as easily as a Turk does his headgear. There has been much pro-Turk—or more exactly, pro-Kemal—propaganda since Turkey changed the form, and the form only, of her Government. Kemal and his entourage know enough of Western psychology to realize the appeal of the romantic to the world at large, and our papers have been flooded with reports of the completely Europeanized condition of the Turkey of today, of the striking character of her new sultan under the name of President. But the Turk is still much what he was, and there is little evidence that Turkey has essentially changed under that ardent disciple of Venus and Bacchus, Mustapha Kemal Pasha. It is true that there are more and better schools, that more attention is being given to sanitation, that marriage and divorce laws are more on Western lines, that polygamy has been *legally* abolished, that Turkey has adopted the Swiss Civil Code and the Italian Criminal Code. But the arbitrary rule of a dictator, a wholly ruthless dictator, is still the real Government. The tourists who make up some ninety-five per cent of American travelers in Turkey come back reporting that the veil has virtually disappeared. So it has—in Constantinople, the only place tourists see; also in Angora and among the women of the official class. But the great majority of feminine faces the country over are still covered; and the "new" Turkey is in a similar state, still largely what it was under the vicious and degenerate Sultans.

Never was there such a furor of hero worship as is now being poured out upon "the Gazi" (roughly translatable as "the conqueror"), as Mustapha Kemal is known among his people. Every Government office, every schoolroom in the country, even mission schools, must have a framed picture of Kemal in the place of honor. Bronze statues of Kemal are springing up all over the country. The same amount expended on schools or roads would bring a great improvement in Turkey. When "the Gazi" came to spend this summer in one of the former Sultan's palaces on the Bosphorus, Constantinople and the towns along the way from Angora spent enough in decorations and other evidences of high regard for him to have completely built the new capital. The electric-light company of Constantinople expects fifty per cent increase in this year's business because of the few days of special illumination in his honor. Yet these statues and the like are by no means all good-will offerings. The Kemal custom of summary trials and sudden hangings in the cold gray dawn for all those of whatever class who open their mouths against him has given the surface appearance of a happy and contented Turkey under an adored ruler. But the patient traveler who will take time to win a little confidence will hear anything but contentment from the anti-Kemalists, who dare not raise their voices in public.



ONLY A LOAD OF BRICKS

The Turkish *hamal*, or porter, now earns a bare sustenance, because the bulk of his earnings goes to the monopoly belonging to a few friends of Kemal

IN this brief space only a few outstanding hints of the wrongs still being perpetrated in Turkey can be mentioned. A complete inventory would take many pages. Certainly the three reasons enumerated by those opposed to the signing of the Lausanne Treaty are as much in evidence as ever. Kemal has done nothing whatever to make reparation to the Armenian republic he was mainly instrumental in strangling; on the contrary, it is largely he who has made so difficult the task of the Near East Relief in bringing many thousands of Armenian orphans through to productiveness and self-support. Unless the new left-handed understanding with Turkey contains features of which we have heard nothing, guaranties for the protection of Americans in Turkey are as lacking as ever. Personally, I should far rather trust myself to the Chinese if and when our extraterritorial rights cease to exist there than to the Turks without the protection of the capitulations. As to the "failure to provide for recognition by Turkey of the American nationality of former Turkish subjects," any Greek or Armenian born in Turkey who dares to venture back there under the supposed protection of an American passport lives, if at all, to regret it. The proof of birthplace he must have produced before being naturalized means nothing whatever to the Turks; he must show new proof, just as if our State Department were a "gyp" concern selling its documents at so much a head to any one with the money. And I have met personally former Christian subjects of Turkey whose American passports have been torn up before their faces by Turkish police, and who are henceforth unable to leave Kemal's kingdom. Possibly a certified accountant could show that the sum total shows some improvement over Sultanic days in the Turkey of Kemal. But the Turk of today and the "new" Turkey are still by no means worthy of our extending to them the right hand of friendship and forgiveness.

LAST week we published Mr. Merritt's account of his political investigations in Tennessee and Kentucky. At present he is traveling in the Gulf States, and later he will cover the seaboard. His observations will be published in succeeding issues.

His articles express the ideas of the farmers and business men with whom he talks. In combination with the opinions of leading Southern editors outlined in this issue by Mr. Crawford, they will give a more or less complete survey of the political situation in the South as far as Al Smith is concerned.

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What Will the South Do to Al Smith?

By WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD

ALFRED E. SMITH looms large as the probable nominee of the Democratic Party. It is Smith against the field, and in thirty years of political writing I have never seen the opposition less organized. Should he be nominated, will the combination of Southern and Eastern Democrats be broken?

There is little doubt that Northern and Eastern Democracy will be for Al. He has long been its idol. The question, then, is, will the South support this typical representative of Eastern Democracy?

The Outlook has sent the following telegram to the leading citizens throughout the South, mainly influential editors:

> To all appearances Al Smith is to be the Democratic nominee. If he is nominated, what will the South do to him in the election, particularly in your State? We are getting a consensus of views from leaders of public opinion in the South. Would appreciate brief reply from 50 to 150 words by night letter to reach us Tuesday morning.
>
> (Signed) ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT,
> Editor, The Outlook.

As a political writer who has recently been throughout the South sizing up the political situation, I am interested in commenting on these telegrams.

To begin with, two facts make the question as to whether the South will support Smith a debatable subject. First, Alfred E. Smith is a Roman Catholic. Second, Alfred E. Smith is listed in the public mind as a wet.

Many people believe that either one or both of these facts will engender a sufficient opposition to him in the South to prevent him from carrying this stronghold of Democracy.

It is true that Governor Smith would lose a large number of votes throughout the South because of his religion. The South, with the exceptions of Maryland and Louisiana, was originally settled by Protestant English, and there has been much less infusion of foreign blood in Southern territory than in any other section of the United States. The Anglo-Saxons brought with them to America their customs, prejudices, and political tenets, one of which was that no Catholic could ever become President. This political tenet dates back to the time of the overthrow of the Stuarts in England, when a provision was made that no one should be allowed to ascend the English throne who did not subscribe to the Established Church. It was surprising how many people believed that this law had been transplanted to America. When Al Smith was first spoken of as a candidate four years ago, I received thousands of letters asking me if it was not against the law for a Catholic to be President.

There is, however, another side of the picture. Equally indoctrinated into the American mind is a love of liberty. The American people have always prided themselves that our Government was founded on the principle of civil and religious liberty. Until this present campaign there has been no opportunity for a testing of the two apparently divergent tenets. Now they are brought face to face with the proposition. They must decide whether their love of religious liberty or their distrust of Rome shall be the deciding influence in casting their vote.

It is my opinion that Smith will lose a larger number of Southern votes because of his religion than the political leaders are willing to admit. Few men are willing to frankly state that they will refuse to vote for the nominee of their party because of religious prejudice, thus violating the spirit of the Constitution of the United States.

Smith will also lose votes throughout the South because of his attitude on prohibition; but the South is not as dry as some of the political leaders would have you believe. Had I consumed all of the cocktails offered me while on my visit to the South I would still be seeing pink rabbits today. It is hard to make me believe that a man who has a case of contraband liquor in his cellar can very vigorously oppose the candidacy of a man because he is reputed to be in favor of the modification of the Volstead Act.

Another element enters into the Southern situation. There is no love for Republicanism in the South.

Here is what a prominent banker of Memphis, Tennessee, Bolton Smith, says in part:

> Generally speaking, the South can be depended upon to vote for the nominee. As to those parts of the South where there is already a strong Republican Party, such as Tennessee, this outcome would be affected by the personality of the Republican nominee. Governor Lowden is very strong in the South, though I think that Mr. Hoover's self-denying and helpful activities in connection with the flood and his repeated visits, which have brought him in touch with leading men, have made him very strong throughout the South, but especially in the States of Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana. It seems to be generally acknowledged that there is no chance of electing any Democrat except Smith.

The telegram from George Fort Milton, editor of the Chattanooga "News," exactly expresses my opinion concerning Tennessee and Kentucky. I doubt, however, if his judgment is as accurate concerning the rest of the South. Incidentally, Mr. Milton had always been an ardent supporter of McAdoo. Mr. Milton says in part:

> If Governor Smith should be the Democratic nominee, Tennessee would be dangerously debatable, with odds strongly favoring such a Republican as Lowden or Hoover. The elements of Governor Smith's record and policies, which would operate so disadvantageously to him in Tennessee, would, I believe, be felt throughout the South, of course, to varying extents. I believe his nomination would shatter the Solid South. Whether permanently or not is another question.

H. C. Adler, the distinguished editor of the Chattanooga "Times," is not so pessimistic concerning Al Smith's chance of carrying Tennessee. His attitude is entirely in keeping with the policy of the New York "Times:"

> The nomination of Al Smith by the Democratic Convention will mean, in the opinion of this newspaper, that Tennessee will give him the usual Democratic majority that it has cast for all Democratic candidates, with the single exception of when President Harding carried the State. Governor Smith has the confidence of the financial, the business, the labor, and the agricultural elements of the State, and, barring a few votes which he may lose because of his religion, he will, in our opinion, get the full Democratic strength and some of the Republican.

Probably the true condition in Tennessee and in Kentucky lies midway between these divergent opinions. Al Smith will lose some strength in both of these States. He will not hold the entire Democratic strength in either of them. He will, however, have about an equal chance with the Republican nominee of carrying them. The results will depend very largely upon who is the Republican nominee. My observation was that Lowden would be by far the

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strongest Republican candidate in Kentucky and Tennessee.

The opinion of Jesse H. Jones, the publisher of the Houston "Chronicle," should have great weight in determining the attitude of the Southern Democrats. For Mr. Jones was the treasurer of the last Democratic Presidential campaign, and occupies one of the seats of the mighty in the Democratic Council. Mr. Jones said:

> Texas will give its electoral vote to the Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1928 by a very large majority, regardless of who the nominee may be, but Governor Smith would probably not get as large a vote as some one more in accord with the sentiments of a majority of the people of Texas on the question of prohibition.

The opinion of the editor of the Houston "Chronicle" exactly coincides with that of its owner.

Eugene Butler, of the Texas edition of the "Progressive Farmer," Dallas, Texas, agrees with Mr. Jones in his opinion concerning Texas. The gist of his message is:

> Texas and remainder of South that always goes Democratic would go for Smith, but at greatly reduced majorities. In States such as Tennessee and Oklahoma that sometimes go Republican I shouldn't be surprised if they went Republican with Smith Democratic nominee.

It will thus be seen, first, that the opinion in Texas is unanimous that Smith will receive a smaller vote than any other Democratic nominee; second, that he would carry the State if nominated.

The "Times Picayune" of New Orleans believes that Louisiana is more interested at present in flood control than in National politics; but it closes its telegram with:

"We give this as our opinion, however, that Louisiana's electoral vote will be cast for the Democratic Presidential nominee."

John M. Parker, ex-Governor of Louisiana, and former Vice-Presidential nominee on the Bull Moose ticket, and one of the most influential citizens of the South, says:

> If Governor Smith is the Democratic nominee for President, he will carry practically all the Southern States.

Using these opinions as a basis, and adding to them my personal observations, I think it is reasonably safe to assume that Louisiana will support Smith should he be the Democratic nominee.

Frederick Sullens, editor of the Jackson, Mississippi, "News," believes that it will be a calamity for the Democrats to nominate Al Smith. In discussing the results should Smith be nominated, he said:

> If he is nominated, it is practically certain that prohibition forces and Protestant church leaders will oppose his election, and this means splitting the Democratic Party wide open in Mississippi. In brief, Smith's nomination would be political suicide for the Democratic Party.

The opinion of Grover C. Hall, editor of the Montgomery "Advertiser," accurately mirrors the political attitude of Alabama. Personally, I know that Mr. Hall is not an ardent supporter of Governor Smith. He says:

> It is my opinion that, if nominated by the Democrats for President, Governor Smith would carry the Solid South, but by a reduced majority.

The name of Howell has for two generations been associated in the South with safe and sound Democratic principles. As a youth I imbibed Democratic doctrines from the writings of Eben Howell, and his son, Clark Howell, the present editor of the Atlanta "Constitution," has continued the high standard and influence formerly held by his father. Mr. Howell doubts the possibility of nominating Smith, but believes that, if nominated, he will carry the Solid South. His reply was:

> I have my doubts about Al Smith being able to obtain the necessary two-thirds vote to secure Democratic Presidential nomination, and if this traditional rule is changed and nomination forced by majority action, the nomination would not, in my opinion, be worth having, for it would inevitably result in party split. If, however, Smith can be nominated by two-thirds vote of the Convention, he would, in my opinion, carry the Solid South, and I believe there would be no doubt about Georgia.

Mr. Julian Harris, editor of the "Inquirer-Sun" of Columbus, Georgia, makes some very pertinent points. First, Smith will carry the Solid South if nominated, with the possible exception of Kentucky. Second, no newspaper of influence in Georgia is fighting Governor Smith, though several editors would prefer another nominee, and last, that his own belief is "that Al Smith is the one and only Democrat who has the shadow of a chance to defeat the Republican candidate."

E. D. Lambright, editor of the "Tribune," Tampa, Florida, believes that Smith would encounter strong opposition in Florida because of religious prejudice, his wet views, and his advocacy of present Federal Inheritance Tax Law. "Despite all these," he says, "I believe that traditional Democratic loyalty would give him Florida's electoral vote, though by alarmingly reduced majority. Smith, however, will never get vote of Florida delegation for nomination."

Frank Shutts, editor of the Miami "Herald," concurs in the opinion that Smith will carry Florida. He says:

> If Governor Smith received the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, in our judgment, he will receive the electoral vote of Florida, but possibly by a reduced majority. There has been no public agitation in this State so far, either for or against his candidacy.

William E. Gonzales, editor and publisher of the Columbia "State," does not believe that it would be wise for the Democrats to nominate Smith, "because of bitterness certain to develop in campaign in which issues of liquor and religion will be forced." Mr. Gonzales, however, believes that "the Solid South would support him, if nominated."

Mr. Wade H. Harris, editor of the Charlotte, North Carolina, "Observer," believes that religious prejudice against Smith is so strong that none of the Southern States except Florida and Louisiana would vote for him. Concerning this issue he said:

> The liquor issue does not operate against Smith so potently as does the religious issue. It may be regarded as an unfortunate fact, but it is a fact all the same, that fear of Catholic influences at some time dominating Smith in the Presidential chair, exists. It is widespread and defies the cry of intolerance and bigotry. It is being boldly proclaimed as the chief objection to Smith, and it is a sentiment so deeply rooted in this section of the Nation that it might as well be accepted as ineradicable.

Mr. Louis I. Jaffe, editor of the Virginia "Pilot," of Norfolk, has exactly the same opinion concerning the hostility in the South against Smith because of his religion as was expressed by his distinguished fellow-editor, Mr. Harris, of North Carolina. But he interprets the result differently. While many Virginians will oppose Smith because of his religion, he believes that the State would go for him in the general election. He concludes his telegram with:

> If he is nominated, he will have the cordial support of Virginia's most influential newspapers. The judgment that Smith would carry Virginia is concurred in by many of our most experienced politicians and almost unanimously by detached observers not affiliated with the organized prohibition forces or with the Ku Klux Klan.

Mr. Richard H. Edmond, of Baltimore, the distinguished editor of "Man-

(Continued on page 285)

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Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

THE PERSON OF CHRIST is to be the rallying figure for the Christian Church in China. Reports from the Far East tell us that the native Christians are abandoning the denominations under which American and European missionaries have preached to them divided doctrine. Evidently the dogmatic disputes of the Occident confuse Orientals, and seem to them immaterial in contrast to the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth.

Some American church circles have been upset by the accounts of what is happening. But why should there be Chinese Adventists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, and other sorts of Protestants? With characteristic logic—and with the highest authority—the Chinese have decided that it is the practice and not the profession of the faith which matters.

In any event, if there are to be schisms and splits, they prefer to have them on Chinese grounds—not American or European. And we may hope that they will succeed in setting an example of accord to Christians of the West.

While this movement toward unity in China has been proceeding a proposal of another sort has come forward at Washington. Briefly, it is a plan for appointment of American diplomatic agents to each of the several regional factions in the Chinese civil war, outlined in newspaper reports of a recommendation by Senator Hiram Bingham, of Connecticut, to Secretary Kellogg. Both as a friend of China and in our own ultimate interest, I question the value of such a departure from the traditional American policy favoring unification of China. Certainly the Chinese would think our various diplomatic missions as hard to understand as they have apparently found our denominational missions.

"NOW YOU MAY TALK," the Dictator of Spain has in effect told the members of the new Advisory National Assembly. It is a practically hand-picked body of men, elected by the Government to represent the states, provinces, and towns, and financial, industrial, scientific, and social groups. So, after four years of administration by the decrees of General Primo di Rivera, Spain again has a parliament—not a legislature, for the Assembly has no lawmaking power.

Prophecies of doom for King Alfonso and the army régime, from Professor Julian Besteiro, the chief of the Socialist Party and of the Spanish Federation of Labor, added a touch of interest as the Deputies gathered for the inauguration of the Assembly by the King. Professor Besteiro had refused a seat. But the King proceeded to open the sessions, the police arrested some five hundred people implicated in a general strike and revolt conspiracy, and nothing happened.

The members of the Advisory Assembly may converse and even debate on affairs of State—but Spain still takes dictation.

Execution by proxy is the novel penalty now being suffered by Bishop Fan S. Noli, formerly Premier of Albania, and eight other members of the Committee for Liberation of Albania. Sentences of death by default followed their signature of a Communist manifesto protesting against the régime of the President and Premier, Ahmed Zogu, who drove Bishop Noli out by force of arms in 1924. In refuge abroad, Bishop Noli—like Mark Twain—probably finds reports of his official death greatly exaggerated.

FRANCE has sent Christian Rakovsky, the Soviet Ambassador, away from Paris, and Japan is to have a chance to see how she can get along with him. Chicherin, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, does not want him in Moscow—for Rakovsky sympathizes with the extremist opposition to the Government—and has arranged to exchange him for Valerian Dovgalevsky, Soviet Ambassador at Tokyo.

Rakovsky had an opportunity for a distinguished achievement at Paris. The French Government appeared ready to conclude new commercial agreements and gave him a friendly welcome. But his evasive tactics in regard to any agreement for payment of Russian debts wore out French patience, and his indorsement of an International manifesto calling for the overthrow of the French *"bourgeois"* Government brought an end to French temper and courtesy. He quit the capital without an official farewell and with the Quai d'Orsay obviously in a mood of "good riddance."

France has hopes of the new Ambassador, who has not made a reputation as a Soviet propagandist. But she is likely to find that the face may be the face of Rakovsky or Dovgalevsky, but the voice is the voice of Moscow.

Mustapha Kemal, President of Turkey and of the so-called People's Party, has been delivering by radio, at the opening of the National Assembly, an address of 400,000 words reviewing the progress of Turkish nationalism and economic development from the defeat at the end of the World War to the present day of triumph. He took seven days to deliver it—setting a horribly suggestive example to Congressional filibusterers. Ke-

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mal's speech indicates anew that the administration of Turkey is, one might say, "dictated but not Red."

THE DANGER LINE in Europe is the eastern frontiers. Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia—these are some of the points informed observers watch for signs of trouble. Lately "War Lord" Pilsudski, of Poland, has played the rôle of peacemaker in a conflict with Lithuania.

Seven years ago the Polish General Zeligowski seized the city of Vilna and the region around it. The Lithuanians have never reconciled themselves to the annexation of territory which they claimed as their own. In recent weeks school difficulties have embittered feeling on both sides. Pupils of Polish birth in Lithuanian schools could not use their inherited tongue. So Polish authorities, on their part, closed about twoscore schools attended by Lithuanian-speaking children. With school boys and girls the victims of their elders' passions, disorders began and local residents were ready for a fight, when Marshal Pilsudski announced that he was going to Vilna. Every one expected a warlike speech. But he disappointed the quarrelsome by releasing all persons arrested in connection with the dispute, and hinted that he had a plan of amicable adjustment. A Lithuanian mission visited him and promised to preserve peace.

Now Lithuania is taking her case to the Council of the League of Nations, where there is an opportunity for impartial arbitration. Such war lords as Pilsudski should be encouraged.

General von Hindenburg used to be known as the "Victor of Tannenberg." That was during the war; but now he is President of the German Republic and loyally fulfilling his oath of office. So the German monarchists, at the unveiling of the Tannenberg war memorial lately, made General von Ludendorff the hero of the day for a provocative demonstration. The German militarists do not change purposes; they merely exchange figureheads.

OIL AND RUBBER—the friction-reducer and shock-absorber of the modern world—have caused more friction and shocks in international relations than any other two necessities. Every American who drives a Packard or a Ford—new or old model—is interested in the opening up of fresh supplies of petroleum in this country and in the conflicts of the big oil corporations for petroleum fields all around the world. Likewise every American who uses a telephone with a rubber ear-piece, a fountain pen, an eraser, or an automobile tire is concerned more or less, whether conscious of it or not, with the price and supply of rubber.

Most of the world's output of crude rubber, of which the United States takes three-fourths, has been coming from plantations in the East Indies and Malaya, in territories under British administration. Great Britain began some years ago to operate a scheme known as the Stevenson plan to restrict production of rubber in order to maintain the price at a fixed level for the British growers. Planters in the Dutch East Indies, not being under British control, then began to increase their production enough to offset the British policy and gradually lower the price. Nevertheless the British action had pushed prices up for some time in the American market, and Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Commerce, protested emphatically.

Then Americans started to make certain of resources under their own command. Two years ago Harvey Firestone set about the foundation of American plantations in Liberia for the service of his industries, which turn out all sorts of rubber goods. British planters smiled; they thought Africa unsuited to rubber cultivation. But since the work began reports indicate that practical results may be expected. Now comes news that Henry Ford and his son, Edsel, and other officials of the Ford Motor Company are planning rubber production on a large scale in the State of Pará, Brazil. They have received a concession of between three and four million acres, and are to establish settlements of laborers and inaugurate their own steamship and airplane communications.

Firestone and Ford—the two names together have an invincible sound.

"The Prince of Wales is probably the best salesman of any of us," said Gordon Selfridge, Jr., English merchant, before a meeting of railway men, referring to the general adoption of fashions started by the heir to the throne. Who shall say the British are not frank?

THE BISHOP OF LONDON, urging the members of the American Legion who visited the British capital to aid in preventing hatred of Great Britain from being instilled in the minds of pupils in American schools, said: "I believe with all my heart that the future of the world depends upon our two nations keeping together in bonds of understanding."

In Chicago "Sport" Herrmann—assigned by Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson to root out all pro-British books from the Public Library—has found that Queen Victoria and the people of London aided in restoring the library after the great fire of 1871. They actually sent gifts of books for Americans to read.

Here are two staggering evidences of the British designs to undermine the independence of the United States through the American Library Association, which Judge Frederick Bausmann lately denounced in the most convincing terms at his command as the star witness at the trial of William McAndrew, the Superintendent of Schools in Chicago, suspended on charges of fostering pro-British teaching.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has made a reply to the appeal of Bishop Barnes, of Birmingham, whom Canon Bullock-Webster attacked in St. Paul's Cathedral in London on account of his views of evolution and the sacraments. Anti-evolutionists probably will protest against the press references to the Archbishop as the Primate.

SCHOBER means order in Austria. It is the name of the Prefect of Police of Vienna.

Recently the elements responsible for the Vienna riots of last July demanded his resignation. The refusal of the Austrian Cabinet to consider the demand was a triumph of the forces of discipline over those of disorder.

Hans Schober came into his present post after a long career in public service dating back to 1898. He was graduated from the famous School of Political Science at the University of Vienna, and he entered upon his life-work in the days when civil servants in Austria had a good time. His reputation then was based as much on his ability as a hunter as on his administrative faculties.

He has vindicated that reputation. Vienna has known all the terrors of post-war Europe in the past ten years—famine, poverty, revolutionary agitation. But the strong hand of Schober has kept down all but one outbreak. His success in maintaining peace in the seething city during the three years after the Armistice caused him to be appointed Chancellor in 1921.

In May, 1922, he resigned and resumed his duties as Prefect of Police. His retention of office is a valuable lesson to revolutionists.

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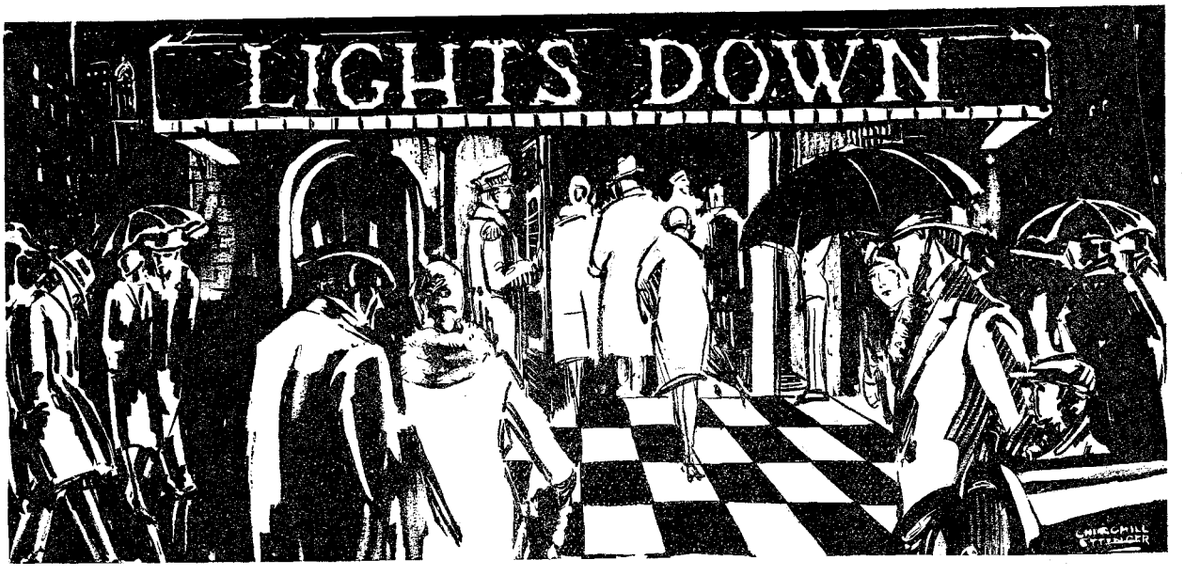

A Review of the Theatre

"An Enemy of the People"

By Francis Rufus Bellamy

IT is no small evidence of a play's inherent interest that ideas contained in it should be worth discussion forty-four years after the play was first presented. Yet such is certainly the case with Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," which Walter Hampden is reviving at his theatre above Columbus Circle—if revival is a word to be applied to a play which no American actor has ever (unless we are forgetful) offered us.

Although the play is by a foreigner, deals with foreign life, and first saw the footlights in Norway, the theme of this satirical comedy might have been suggested to a Galsworthy yesterday by any number of recent developments. Much of it can still be reviewed as the offering of the 1927 playwright.

It is a dramatic exposition of the idea that new truth is, and always will be, the enemy of society. Dr. Stockmann, the protagonist of the play, believing, as Ibsen himself did, in distinction of soul as the aim of life, and being a doctor as well as a seeker after individual truth, discovers that the water which supplies the great health baths, on which the town's prosperity is based, is poisoned.

Driven by his scientific enthusiasm for truth, he calls the fact—somewhat muddle-headedly—to the attention of the powerful group who politically control the town.

Readers of Ibsen are more or less familiar with what happens. Since the town's prosperity is at stake, and the water cannot be purified without great loss, in a remarkably short time everybody in the town, including those friends of the Doctor's who at first saw an opportunity to profit by the exposure—everybody is agreed that the discovery is probably false, that it must be kept secret, even though some invalid visitors die, and that Dr. Stockmann is an Enemy of the People for ever having ascertained the truth.

The Doctor is discharged from the baths, where he is medical officer, his house is stoned, his family ostracized, his brother, the Burgomaster, repudiates him, his father-in-law disinherits him, and all that is left to him is distinction of soul and a perception of the fact that the strong man is he who stands most alone—that the pioneer of the truth must necessarily be twenty years ahead of his time. For him, the price of truth is loneliness, bitterness, and poverty.

The application to society, past or present, of such a story—I have left out the characters of the play—would be obvious, of course, even if Ibsen did not speak his theme directly through Dr. Stockmann's own speech to his fellow-townsmen.

Despite this obviousness, nevertheless—and there was nothing obvious in it in 1883 in Norway—the contemporary theatre offers few more stirring, magnificent moments than those Walter Hampden provides in the fourth act when he delivers this speech of the Doctor's to the townspeople.

One forgets the unnaturalness of some of the earlier scenes of the play (in justice to Mr. Hampden, the fault is the dramatist's, not his). One forgets, too, some of the rather evident earnestness of the play's presentation. (Yes, my dear friends, this is a masterpiece we are giving you this evening.) One remembers none of these things, and forgets even that Dr. Stockmann is really just Walter Hampden being genial in Ibsen.

"Yes, by Heaven, I am a revolutionist," shouts Dr. Stockmann to the crowd, stung by the bitter jibes of those whom he had considered his friends.

> "I am going to revolt against the lie that truth belongs exclusively to the majority. What sort of truths do the majority rally round? Truths so stricken in years that they are sinking into decrepitude. When a truth is so old as that, gentlemen, it's in a fair way to become a lie. [Laughter and jeers.] Yes, yes, you may believe me or not, as you please; but the truths are by no means the wiry Methusalehs some people think them. A normally constituted truth lives—let us say—as a rule, seventeen or eighteen years; at the outside twenty; very seldom more. And truths so patriarchal as that are always shockingly emaciated; yet it's not till then that the majority takes them up and recommends them to society as wholesome food.
>
> "I can assure you there's not much nutriment in that sort of fare; you may take my word as a doctor for that. All these majority-truths are like last year's salt pork; they're like rancid, moldy ham, producing all the moral scurvy that devastates society. . . . The truths acknowledged by the masses, the multitude, were certain truths to the vanguard in our grandfathers' days. We, the vanguard of today, don't acknowledge them any longer; and I don't believe there exists any other certain truth but this—that no society can live a healthy life upon truths so old and marrowless. . . . The notion that culture demoralizes is nothing but an old traditional

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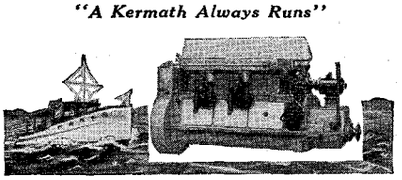

Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for *free distribution* by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically *fit and maintain normal* weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

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lie. No, it's stupidity, poverty, the ugliness of life, that do the devil's work! In a house that isn't aired and swept every day—my wife maintains that the floors ought to be scrubbed too, but perhaps that is going too far; —well, in such a house, I say, within two or three years, people lose the power of thinking or acting morally.

Our Own Theatre List

Still With Us

"The Spider," Music Box.—Mystery melodrama with more surprises than any play on Broadway.

"Broadway," Broadhurst.—Life back-stage in a Broadway cabaret. Done with vim, rum, and pistols.

"In Abraham's Bosom," Provincetown Playhouse.—The Pulitzer Prize play.

"The Road to Rome," Playhouse.—A slightly Rabelaisian take-off on history which might have been a great play if genuine emotion had been substituted for wise-cracking. An amusing evening, as it is.

New Faces

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Vaudeville and melodrama, with vaudeville taking the tricks.

"Burlesque," Plymouth.—Back-stage drama in the small towns, with maternal emotion making a success of an otherwise ruined actor.

"Pickwick," Empire.—All right, if you like "Pickwick Papers." If not, use your own discretion.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Evidence turned inside out, in an expert and engrossing mystery murder trial.

"Balieff's Chauve-Souris," Cosmopolitan.—"Mother Goose" under one arm, the "Arabian Nights" under the other.

"An Enemy of the People," Hampden's Theatre.—It's bitter; but it's Ibsen—and true.

Musical Shows

"Hit the Deck," Belasco.—Louise Groody—and a fast show.

"The Five O'clock Girl," Forty-fourth Street Theatre.—Has nearly everything.

"Good News," Chanin.—We haven't seen it, but our friends like it.

"The Mikado," Royale.—Our old friends Gilbert and Sullivan excellently represented.

"The Merry Malones," Erlanger's.—George Cohan—and everybody dances.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more?

Lack of oxygen enervates the conscience. And there seems to be precious little oxygen in many and many a house in this town, since the whole compact majority is unscrupulous enough to want to found its future upon a quagmire of lies and fraud. . . . What does it matter if a lying community is ruined! Let it be leveled to the ground, say I! All men who live upon a lie ought to be exterminated like vermin! You'll end by poisoning the whole country; you'll bring it to such a pass that the whole country will deserve to perish. And if ever it comes to that, I shall say, from the bottom of my heart: Perish the country! Perish all its people!"

Here is truth, drama, and fine emotion, uttered by an aristocrat of the soul, as he is being torn down by common wolves. Hampden makes you feel that—and it is no small achievement, in view of all that has gone before.

Judged by the playwright's own standard, some of the fire has gone out of Ibsen's attacks upon dead social truths because they are more than twenty years old. There remains, nevertheless, the individual truth of the play, none the less living and vital because Ibsen is dead and gone, and precisely as applicable as ever to the philosophy of living. One can quarrel with minor defects in the character of Dr. Stockmann and perceive where Ibsen failed because he did not wish his protagonist to resemble the playwright himself—which makes the Doctor a little too genial and muddle-headed.

But the poet's perception of eternal truth remains, to thrill Broadway for a few moments, even in this day of many Burgomasters, many property-owners, many "compact majorities," and very few Dr. Stockmanns.

It's bitter; but it's Ibsen—and true.

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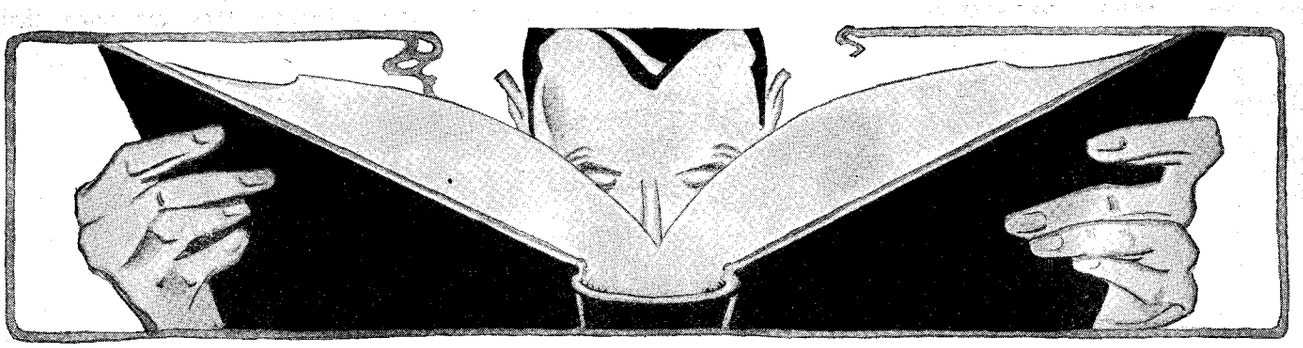

The Middlebrows

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IN one of my recent articles in these pages I confessed to an inability to read George Meredith with spontaneous pleasure, and added that "this is probably because I belong to the great middle class." This statement has prompted a correspondent in New Jersey, who holds an important and highly responsible office in the educational system of that State, to ask an interesting question. After paying me some compliments (which, I greatly regret, a decent respect for the appearance of modesty prevents my emblazoning here), my correspondent goes on to say:

> There is one topic that I have been thinking of for a good while and hoping you might see fit to write on it: What about the classes in this country? Just what differentiates the "middle" class from the "lower" classes? A still more interesting question to me is, When does one emerge into the upper classes? Let us assume that a professor at $7,500 is in the middle class. If he marries a wife who brings him a million or two, or if he falls heir to that much, does he now read his title clear to a seat in the boxes? Suppose the professor's windfall is only a paltry $100,000. Has he made the grade, or does he still linger in the somewhat upper limits of the middle class? In other words, how shall he know where he is and how to classify himself—if he cares to?

I SUPPOSE my correspondent's use of the dollar standard is a sly thrust at the tendency in this country—a tendency characteristic of all democracies—to measure a man's status in society by his riches. The time was when a millionaire was such a rare specimen that the very rarity gave him a certain social prestige. He was like a blue rose or a three-legged calf or any other *lusus naturæ*. But that has all gone by. Now that a man can make a million dollars in ten rounds of so-called prize-fighting, the possession of that once glittering sum of money is no longer a social distinction. Its value as a measure is to aid the income-tax collector in his unpopular work, so that to-day genteel poverty is rather more elegant than brazen riches. We must try to find some other method of classification than that of wealth.

But try as we may, we shall find the task a hard one and the problem almost insoluble. It has puzzled philosophers from the time of Solon and amused social satirists from Lucian to Matthew Arnold and H. L. Mencken.

CURIOUSLY enough, the division of society into three classes has been a common practice among sociologists from the earliest times. Whether this tripartite arrangement is in accordance with some as yet unformulated law of nature or whether the number three has some mysterious and esoteric significance like the number seven, I do not know; but social trinity certainly exists. Rawlinson, the translator of Herodotus, informs us that a comparison of the statements of Herodotus, the Greek traveler, Diodorus, the Greek historian, and Strabo, the Greek geographer, led to the conclusion that the society of ancient Egypt was based on three classes—the priests, the military, and the peasants. The Greeks took this triple classification from the Egyptians, and the Romans took it in turn from the Greeks. Thus Rome in its heyday had patricians, plebeians, and slaves.

So it has gone on through the Middle Ages down to modern times. Old England had its barons, yeomen, and villains; modern England has its nobles, commoners, and laborers, whom Matthew Arnold, almost as much of an iconoclast as H. L. Mencken, proposed to call Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace.

Classification of this kind is easy enough in a titular aristocracy. But when we come to democracies, it takes a very astute scientist indeed to label and pigeonhole properly the various social genera or species. The Revolutionists in France solved the problem by calling every man "Citizen." And Thomas Jefferson, in our own Revolution, tried to settle the matter by declaring "that all men are created equal." But it is not so simple as all this. Montesquieu, from whom both the French republicans and the American Jeffersonians derived much of their social philosophy, saw the difficulties more clearly than his disciples did. He observed that "the greatest difficulty in a democracy is dividing the people into classes in accordance with justice; upon it depend the success and the permanence of democracies."

SO we come back to the question asked by my correspondent—How can the American who cares to classify himself tell where he belongs? I certainly cannot answer the question, but possibly two suggestions may throw some light upon it.

The man who regards this country as a plutocracy will have no great difficulty in determining in which of the three classes composing a plutocracy he should be enrolled—the millionaire class, the salaried white-collar class, the trades-union class.

The man who believes that a democracy is a form of government based primarily on intelligence will have much more difficulty. Intelligence is a variable and elusive thing and has almost infinite gradations. A New York wit recently explained that the Chicago weekly "Liberty" is a periodical designed for people who think the "Saturday Evening Post" is too highbrow. And there is a pertinent—or is it impertinent?—story of a chorus girl who,

(Continued on page 288)

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

"Jalna," a Prize Novel

THIS book was awarded the "Atlantic Monthly" prize "for the most interesting novel of any kind, sort, or description," presumably by a jury of its peers. Whatever one may feel about prize books, prize hogs, prize babies, the presentation of the laurel wreath is a ceremony dignified by time, and any winner of it is entitled to some attention. There are awards which do even greater honor to the giver than to the recipient (the case with the "Harper" prize novel, "The Grandmothers"). But Mazo de la Roche could scarcely have expected so wide a reading for her book if it had not been chosen from among "thousands of manuscripts" (as the book's jacket tells us) to carry the "Atlantic Monthly" colors.

You read this book for two reasons: First, in the hope of enjoying it. And you undoubtedly will, because it has the most direct of appeals. It is a picture book. As to the style of writing, that is fresh and brisk; there are passages of able composition, weakened by some pages which read like beginner's work. The plot is familiar; the close-corporation family is invaded by two disrupting young women and is not disrupted. The character development is nil. The personages have no substance, give no illusion of life. There is not a strong or sympathetic or even intriguing figure among them. Maurice, who might have captured an instant's sympathy, is too faintly drawn. The same is true of Renny. The disruptive young women are too shadowy to have broken up a strawberry festival. The theme of the book connotes ironic treatment. But Mazo de la Roche fails to convince us that she is an ironist. She may be like her Whiteoaks of Jalna, who conceive themselves to be fierce and hot-blooded and appear as merely bad-tempered.

But this authoress, who once expected to be a painter, has in the matter of her characters established her own alibi. We learn (again from the jacket of the book) that often when she is supposed to be writing she is actually drawing caricatures. And there is the secret of her book's success in catching and holding the reader's attention. There are no people in this book, but there is a series of the best line drawings you could ask to see. They are done with a sharp pencil on thin paper, and they are very good. There are pictures in "Jalna" as prone to stick in the memory as that horrid frontispiece to the yellow fairy book, "The Witch in the Stone Boat," which has disturbed so many otherwise placid childhoods. The old hag of a grandmother and her abominable parrot reaching out for peppermints with dribbling lips and black beak cannot be immediately forgotten. The *enfant terrible* welcoming the brides to Jalna; the hobbledehoy, sneaking and sniveling; the spinster sister, "who never was able to eat at the table" and who was sex-starved besides, poor soul; the "strong man" watching beside the dying colt; none of these are people, but they are all vivid pictures, and they make the book good fun to read.

Presumably, they won the "Atlantic Monthly" prize for it. This will be the second reason for reading the book—to find out why it won the prize. If you do find out, will you let us know? Our private opinion is that the prize marks a moral victory for the Whiteoak family. We believe that the judges were terrified by that scheming, fighting, bullying crew, and handed over the ten thousand dollars without protest.

What would have happened if they had only clapped their hands and shouted, "You're nothing but a pack of cards!"?

What They Are Reading

THE FOLLOWING LIST OF BEST-SELLING BOOKS is compiled from lists sent us by telegram on Saturday by the following bookshops: Brentanos, New York; Old Corner Book Store, Boston; Scrantoms Inc., Rochester; Korner & Wood, Cleveland; Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney, St. Louis; Kendrick Bellamy Company, Denver; Tiolin Pillot Company, Houston; Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. We asked these stores to co-operate with us each week because we believe that they are representative of the taste of the more intelligent readers in their communities. The books which are most in demand in these shops are usually those which are most discussed. We believe that they are the books which Outlook readers will want to know more about.

Fiction

KITTY. By Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf.

If an ability to use the tricks of the trade, plenty of sincere and "wholesome" sentiment, a talent for catching and using vague moods, small notions which give life to his characters, suffice to hold your interest, you will enjoy this typical Deeping story of social and personal conflict in post-war England. Old readers of The Outlook will be interested to know that Deeping's first book was reviewed in the magazine by H. W. Mabie in 1903. He found it distinguished by freshness of feeling, intensity of emotion, dramatic power, deep and sensitive feeling for nature. If we miss the first two characteristics from Deeping's later books, we must remember that he was twenty-four years younger in 1903.

JALNA. By Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co.

Reviewed in this number.

DEATH COMES TO THE ARCHBISHOP. By Willa Cather. A. A. Knopf.

If you are receptive to sincerity of feeling, to beauty of concept and of word, you should give yourself the delight of reading this book. Others, less fortunate in sensitivity, will find enjoyment in its gorgeous pictures of the Southwest, the heroic-romantic figures which animate it, the interest of the story. This is biography in the form of a novel. It was reviewed at length in the last issue.

DUSTY ANSWER. By Rosamund Lehmann. Henry Holt & Co.

If you are interested in new talent in the field of fiction, you will want to read this book. The fact that it is concerned with the fluttering, adolescent emotionalism of a section of current youth, and concerned with that only, has no bearing upon the author's gifts. She is a poetess by feeling, and her prose has lyric quality. If you can survive the lack of humor and sense of much ado about nothing which the book gives, you will find it worth reading.

THE GRANDMOTHERS. By Glenway Wescott. Harper & Brothers.

This is a book which you ought not to miss. It has qualities which delight the mature mind. The chronicle of a frustrated people, it has ageless wisdom and beauty. The most unaccustomed reader of modern fiction may choose it without hesitation, because it is the work of an artist, an almost perfect piece of

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English prose, and a great contribution to American letters.

Non-Fiction

MOTHER INDIA. By Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

You will want to read this interesting book for the picture it gives of Indian society. You will be horrified and torn by the accounts of sufferings beyond our imagination, and may be overcome by a sense of hopelessness and melancholy. But any one who is interested in social, religious, or political questions (although only the most unfair critic could discover political or religious propaganda in it) will find this book very well worth his while to read.

TRADER HORN. By Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster.

This fine romance of travel and adventure has had the horrid whisper of "fake" rustling vaguely about it. That need not disturb you. You can enjoy its vivid color, its strange incident, its simple philosophies, without knowing who wrote it. It is at once a thrilling and a moving story.

NAPOLEON. By Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright.

If you are interested in the current type of psychological biography, you will want to read this, one of its finest examples. Not only are the scenes of Napoleon's public life given us with great graphic power; most of all, the loyalties, the failures, the disappointments of his personal life are told with such insight and skill as to give the reader an unhoped-for understanding of this man, at once idealist, living his dream at all costs, and man of destiny.

WE. By Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

You will not expect to find a piece of literature in this book, but you will enjoy it for the simple way in which this grand story of young courage and determination and achievement is told. This book might well become a fixture on a boy's book-shelf.

NOW WE ARE SIX. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Every one who has read "When We Were Very Young" will want to read this. You may feel that Christopher Robin is not quite so enchanting a poet as he was when he was two and "nearly new," but he is still about the pleasantest possible family reading. If by any mischance you do not know his work,

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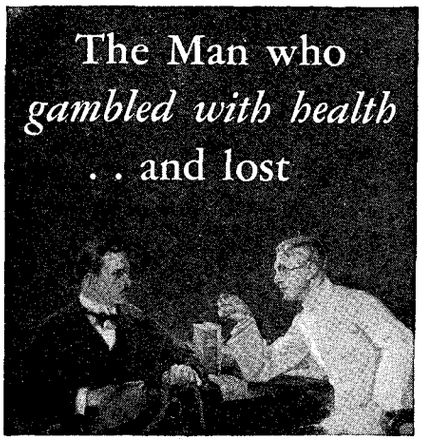

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Men Are All Right

GALLIONS REACH. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper & Brothers. (Reviewed by Parkhurst Whitney.)

It was time Mr. Tomlinson wrote a novel. The result is what might be expected of a man whose factual pieces always have glowed with the power of creation.

James Colet is one of that vast company whose souls are troubled about the nature of reality. He does not find it in the offices of Perriam, Limited, nor in London, nor in the eyes of the girl who obtrudes herself so faintly in the story; and when, in the one flawed episode in the book, he kills his employer the way is opened for him to seek it. He ships on the Altair, bound for the China coast. He experiences storm, shipwreck, and the uncertainties of existence in a small boat; is rescued, joins a prospector in the interior of the Malay Peninsula, leaves him for a moony ethnologist in search of his particular and inaccessible grail; and is delivered at last back in Penang, purged by fever and hardship and reflection for London again.

"There is no fun," he says at the end of his story, "unless we obey the order we know."

Not an original observation. No. But men will be making that discovery for some hundreds of years to come. Mr. Tomlinson knows. He has been there. The typhoon, the last view of a stricken ship, the storm in the jungle—these are monstrous happenings. Man doesn't like adventure, really. Its face is strange. He will alter it if he can; or, if he cannot, he will forget it, come to think of it as a dream. There are men alive today who can recall only with an effort the reality of Belleau Wood and the Argonne. Adventure is a spree. The quest for reality leads home.

One hears Tomlinson compared with Conrad, and one takes down "Typhoon." Captain MacWhirr and Captain Hale. The storm that sank the Altair, and the one that all but took the Nan Shan.

Conrad, the sailor, is always painfully aware of the immensity of the forces of nature. His somber phrases have the sweep and cadence of the gale; over his masts always hangs the sense of impending doom. Men struggle, but defeat is their lot. If they triumph, it is by chance; or, like MacWhirr, by a kind of divine stupidity.

Tomlinson does not quite accept that philosophy. His heart is with the men. He watches them, at times so closely that the howls of the enemy are barely audible. Men are all right. In chaos they are the sole reality. They can laugh. They can crack a joke. That is where they triumph over the insensate sea. When they abandon ship, while they sit in the bobbing small boats watching her stern come to the perpendicular, one of them can call to his mate:

"Ullo, Percy, I see you. Coming for a nice sail?"

In praise of such men, ordinary men, Mr. Tomlinson writes one of the finest passages in a book of distinguished prose. It is Colet's reflection on parting with Sinclair, chief officer of the lost Altair:

> Sinclair marched stiffly away in that brisk manner, and he did not look back. Sinclair had gone; but chance had added Sinclair to his store of riches, anyhow, though no bank manager would look at that credit. Perhaps additions to good fortune were always so, imponderable, unaccountable, and of no use to any one. Yet they were positive. His knowledge of Sinclair and that bunch of men of his old ship gave to an aimless and sprawling world the assurance of anonymous courage and faith waiting in the sordid muddle for a signal, ready when it came. There were men like that. You could never tell where they were. They were only the crowd. There was nothing to distinguish them. They had no names. They were nobodies. But when they were wanted, there they were; and when they had finished their task they disappeared, leaving no sign except in the heart. Without the certainty of that artless and profitless fidelity of the simple souls, the great ocean would be as silly as the welter of doom undesigned, and the shining importance of the august affairs of the flourishing cities worth no more than the brickbats of Babylon. These people gave to God the only countenance by which he might be known.

The murder of Mr. Perriam, a British Babbitt, is a gritty incident in an otherwise sound narrative. The story would have gained force if Colet had been driven to his search by his own inner compulsion. Mr. Tomlinson himself seems a bit dubious about the business. The reader is not sure, as even Colet was not, whether it was a punch in the jaw or Mr. Perriam's pious rage that floored him.

Perhaps Mr. Tomlinson, who used to work in a shipping office, simply had to

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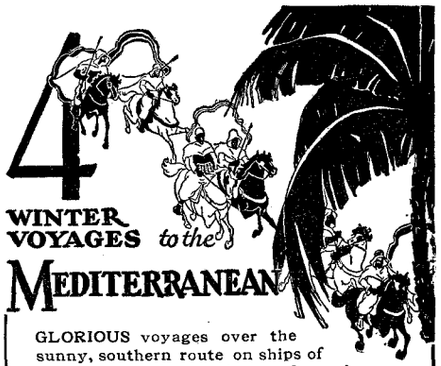

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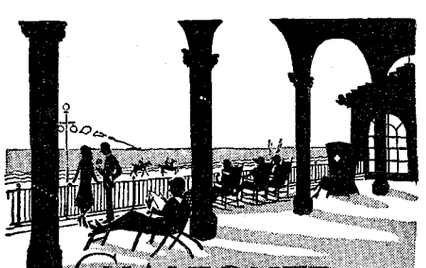

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kill a Mr. Perriam some time, some way. This reviewer grants him that privilege. It is one of the solid rewards of writing.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed on this page or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

What Will the South Do to Al Smith?

(Continued from page 276)

ufacturer's Record," believes that the nomination of Smith would split the Democratic Party. He says: "If Governor Smith is nominated by the Democratic Party, my belief is that it will result in breaking the Solid South and causing a number of Southern States to vote for the Republican candidate." After discussing the probability of Smith losing Maryland, he concludes with:

> If by the votes of Southern delegates to the Democratic Convention Smith should be nominated, it would simply mean that the professional politicians of the South have the whip hand in selecting delegates, but they may not have the whip hand in delivering votes. The South, in my opinion, is not yet ready to sell its soul to the Tammany organization even for Democratic success.

In conclusion, the consensus of opinion of the leading editors throughout the South may be summed up as follows:

In no single State, should Al Smith be nominated, would he poll the full Democratic vote. This defection will be due to religious prejudice and dry advocacy.

The defection from Smith will not be sufficiently strong in any of these States to turn them into the Republican column, with the probable exceptions of Kentucky and Tennessee. There would be a strong sentiment against him in North Carolina, which already has a fairly large Republican vote, and strong opposition in Maryland. This latter would be counterbalanced by the large number of Protestant Democrats, who would support him because of his wetness.

Smith is not the South's favorite for the nomination. He will be bitterly opposed by the Southern delegates at the Democratic National Convention, but if he can overcome this obstacle, it is reasonably certain that he will carry the Southern States.

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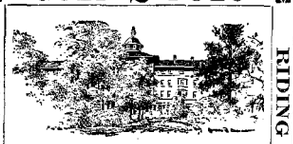

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GOVERNESS for girl of twelve. Philadelphia suburbs. Applicant must not be over twenty-five years of age. Please give references. 8,110, Outlook.

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HOUSEKEEPER, age 50-55, healthy, no encumbrance, general housework. Capable managing motherless Christian, refined, congenial home, two manly boys, suburbs. No laundry. Will arrange interview if full particulars satisfactory. Keefe, 366 Greenwich St. Tel. Walker 5340.

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MANAGING housekeeper, New England woman of long experience. Good caterer, cheerful. Excellent references. 8,133, Outlook.

NURSE, experienced, for invalid. Excellent physicians' recommendation. Can go anywhere. 8,135, Outlook.

REFINED American nursery governess. Best references. 8,131, Outlook.

REFINED middle-aged Protestant American teacher wishes defective child or ailing infant to care for, or position as companion-nurse to elderlies. $25 weekly. New York or New England preferred. 8,122, Outlook.

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UNENCUMBERED middle-aged Protestant woman, having had own home in Philadelphia, Pa., for past twenty years, desires position in Christian gentleman's refined home. Fond of young people. Housekeeping, companion, any position of trust. 8,130, Outlook.

WOMAN, college graduate, with intensive training in handling behavior problems, wishes position on staff of an institution for children or adolescents. Successful experience in dealing with children. Study in Europe and America. Willing to start in minor position if there is an opportunity to demonstrate ability and secure advancement. Protestant. Will go to any section of the country. 8,126, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

RESEARCH WORK. Club papers carefully prepared. Reasonable rates. Patricia Dix. 8,065, Outlook.

WANTED—A violin, new or second-hand, for talented Chinese student. Full information given upon inquiry. Miss Mabel S. Jones, Kennedy School Missions, Hartford, Conn.

YOUNG lady studying music alone in New York would share chaperon and apartment with similar student. References exchanged. 8,136, Outlook.

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Ivory Apes & Peacocks

Notes on the Newest Contributions of American Genius and Inventiveness to the Art of Living

THE genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

OUR recent recognition of the beauty and simplicity of early American architecture and house furnishings need not blind us to the value of the tremendous improvements that have been made in the past hundred years. No one, certainly, wants to go back to colonial plumbing—or the lack of it. Our great-grandmothers' kitchens were very picturesque places, but we may be sure that they didn't seem picturesque to our grandmothers, who cooked over open fires and baked in Dutch ovens and drew the water from the well. It is very pleasant to sit in an early American drawing-room, but who could be persuaded now to cook dinner in an early American kitchen?

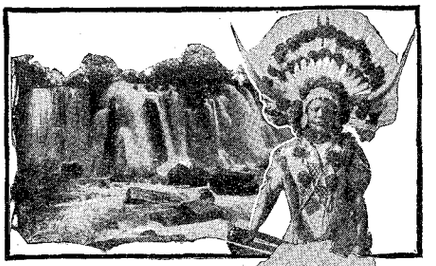
With plumbing and coal, then gas, and finally electricity, the kitchen has changed more than any other room in the house. And the end is not yet in sight. Electric ranges, for instance, have come to stay. For some people, and in some localities, gas, and even coal, will continue to be used; but with the lowering of the rate for domestic purposes, which now in some parts of the country makes cooking by electricity rather expensive, the electric ranges will be more and more widely used.

The advantages of the electric range are obvious. Our electric percolators and toasters have taught us some of them. Automatic temperature control and the clocks which turn on and off the heat at the times for which they are set are valuable features. Stoves, too, are getting smaller, and are moving back against the wall. They no longer dominate the kitchen like a grand piano in a cottage parlor. The shelf-type stoves, made by the Standard Company, are off the floor entirely, and are made in a number of styles adaptable to the unit method of kitchen arrangement. These are small stoves. The wall-type stoves made by the same company are, as the name implies, built into the wall. These ranges have a pipe flue carried up through the wall, which takes off the heat and cooking fumes.

From the single hot plate up to the huge hotel range, every size and type of electric cooking apparatus is now being made. Many have fireless-type cookers, and some are combined electricity and coal. An electric water-heater, to attach to the hot-water boiler, is also new.

Electricity is furnishing not only light and heat for the kitchen—it also furnishes power. One of the most elaborate of the contrivances for doing away with the actual hand work of preparing food for cooking is the Kitchen Aid. This machine stirs, mixes, strains, chops, grates, and slices. It will crack the ice and turn the freezer for the ice-cream.

There are also various beverage mixers, similar to those used in soda foun-



South Africa

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Nowhere else can one find the wonders of the great "valley of diamonds," from which over $1,000,000,000 of diamonds have been taken; the unrivaled impressiveness of the magnificent Victoria Falls, the "Mosi-oa-tunya," two and a half times as high as Niagara and twice as wide; Kruger National Big Game Park, and a hundred other scenes and sights, unique and memory-holding. Here you will find civilization clasping hands with primeval life, as nowhere else on earth.

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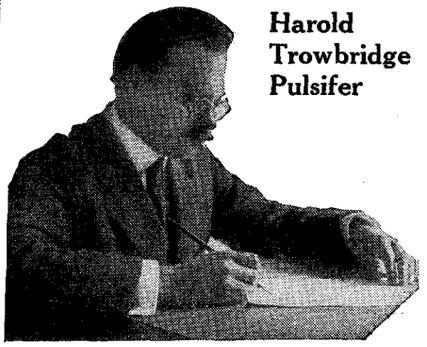

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

Glory o' the Dawn

A story that will stir the hearts of all who love the ways of ships and the mystery of the past

"GLORY O' THE DAWN," by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer, a story of singular beauty, is told with a quiet impressiveness suggestive of Hawthorne. In the once flourishing Maine port of Middlehaven Caleb Gurney, stone-mason, ship-builder, and maker of models, gave years of his life and all the passion of his soul to recreating in miniature "Glory o' the Dawn." It was not merely a ship model that he fashioned, but a symbol of past greatness. The splendor of those ships which once carried New England's fame through all the seven seas lived again in the moving beauty of the model.

The Savor of the Sea

The San Francisco "Journal" says: "This little story is one of remarkable beauty and strength."

The Boston "Globe" says: "It is a rare occasion in the world of books when such a little gem as this is born."

The New York "Herald" says: "Mr. Pulsifer has compounded the pathos and humor of this text into a pleasing mixture."

The "Public Ledger" says: "Mr. Pulsifer has molded his prose to the same sensitive craftsmanship he has given to the shaping of poetry."

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tains. One of these which we have seen[1] is made for the sideboard rather than the kitchen cabinet, and is nothing less than that not yet extinct affair, the cocktail shaker, in a new form. It is finished in hammered silver, and stands on a base to match, which contains the motor. Place the mixer on the base, and it begins to work; take it off, and the motor stops automatically.

Accessory also to the great American pastime of beverage mixing is the machine which squeezes oranges and lemons electrically. This, however, would seem to be more valuable in a club than in a home. The hand-operated squeezers are enough for all ordinary purposes. One very good one has a cap which pushes the fruit down upon the revolving reamer. Another has three detachable reamers of different sizes for lemons, oranges, and grapefruit. Both work with a hand crank.

The tendency of recent years in our kitchens has been toward white enamel, with the result that they have come more and more to look like working laboratories. With a view toward brightening up kitchens and making them pleasanter places for those who have to spend time in them, some of the makers of kitchen utensils are introducing color into their products. R. H. Macy had a display recently of small kitchens arranged in different combinations of color which were very pleasing. White furniture edged with color, knives and mixing spoons and teakettles and other accessories with wooden handles in red or green or yellow to match, even saucepans and jars for supplies in solid color, lend a certain gayety to the setting which should react favorably upon the cook. Some of the electrical appliances are made with colored handles.

[1] Elite.

COME out of the kitchen for a while and consider the uses to which old Chinese beds can be put. Vantine has imported a number of these and is adapting them to various Western uses. They are the sides of beds, really, with a crosspiece at the top where the tester of an old-fashioned Western bed would come. The wood is lacquered Chinese red, with panels carved in relief and colored black and gold. The figures and trees and animals and dragons in these panels are beautifully carved. Although the beds are not antiques, they are no longer made, and it is difficult to get them in any quantity.

The uses to which they can be effectively put are almost unlimited, since they are of sufficient variety so that they can be cut and fitted for nearly any desired space. They are used as overmantels, as fire screens, or—by taking out one or more panels—as mirror frames. The coloring is rich, they possess the style which all Chinese decorative art possesses, and have the advantage, shared by other Chinese furnishings, that they will fit into a room in which no Western product with the same coloring could be tolerated for a moment.

IN view of our caustic words last week about telephones which masquerade as dolls in crinoline, it seems appropriate to mention here that at Vantine's are many little screens of two leaves, decorated in a variety of styles, which are used to hide telephones. Until the telephone decides to go in for beauty of form and coloring, it can certainly not conceal itself more attractively or inconspicuously. These screens have the advantage of a double hinge, so that they can be bent both ways.

W. R. B.

The Middlebrows

(Continued from page 281)

having married a man on slight acquaintance, as chorus girls sometimes will, came down to breakfast and found her new husband reading the New York "American." "My God," she exclaimed, "have I married a bookworm?"

Nevertheless an intelligence classification can be made. Some humorist has recently invented the term "middlebrow" to designate the decent, more or less conventional, fairly well educated, reasonably thoughtful body of men and women who really constitute the backbone of the United States. It was a happy invention. Highbrows, middlebrows, and lowbrows—how better can the American democracy be divided into its component parts?

These, of course are very general categories, subject to all sorts of variations and overlappings. Byron, for instance, was a low highbrow and Bunyan a high lowbrow. As for myself, I can never hope to be a highbrow and hope never to be a lowbrow; nor do I want to be a Byron or a Bunyan. What I do hope is that, by the careful cultivation of my tastes, manners, and intelligence, I may be able to keep fairly near to the upper crust of the middlebrows.

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From Publisher—To You

POETS and prophets live to the truth. They pierce beneath the conventions and trappings, the forms and outward mechanisms of civilization.

IN this issue we print one of the most memorable documents it has been given to a living poet to pen—Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Fear."

IN a sense it is fitting that The Outlook should print this record of Miss Millay's hour of disillusionment, for one of her first literary memories is of the old "Children's Corner" in The Outlook of a generation ago.

AS most people know, she is an American of Americans, Maine bred, with the salt of the sea in her blood. Today, the flowers of her garden nod their heads at the great rolling hills of the Berkshires, beauty surrounds her old house, on the winding road to Stockbridge. She is still to all intents and purposes a New Englander, with that firm belief in truth that is—or ought to be—the New Englander's heritage.

IN this instance she is the articulate voice of great numbers of intellectual, artistic, intelligent people who have been stirred to the depths by an inexorable judgment which has taken away all chance of righting error, if error there proves to be, and which has brought to light in one way or another the deep-seated prejudices and antipathies of the present day.

IT was probably inevitable that the sensitive mind which wrote "Aria da Capo," "Second April," and "The King's Henchman" should have found it necessary to express this deep emotion in one way or another.

TO The Outlook it is a privilege to have Miss Millay as a contributor again, on this or any other subject. We respect her integrity as well as her artistic sincerity. We think the article she has written will be listed among the finest records of our time.

Her courage shames us.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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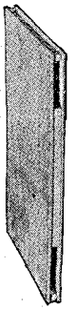

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By the Way

A ST. LOUIS high school student has this sign painted on his dilapidated flivver in which he rides to and from school: "BORED OF EDUCATION."

The British Museum has fifty-five miles of books on its shelves, and each year has to find places for 35,000 more.

From the "Weekly Telegraph:"

"You have acted very wrongly." Thus Horace's father, in the presence of Horace's mother, to Horace, discovered in the act of stealing jam. "It may seem a small offense, Horace," he continued, "but it has for its foundations one of the prime causes of the world's unhappiness—disobedience. I am more than angry. I am grieved. I want my son to grow up a fine, strong, honorable man. I want him"— Here he paused for breath. Little Horace turned enthusiastically to his mother. "Mamma," he cried, "isn't papa interesting?"

THE annual report just issued of Berea College and Allied Schools, of Berea, Kentucky, contains the following description of lower-grade students from the Southern mountains by President William J. Hutchins:

"In our lower grades, a student may be found quite unable to understand that a tide may be anything other than high water in the branch. A student from Virginia may locate his native State west of the Mississippi. To one boy, entangled by similarity of sounds, our forefathers may be our 'poor' fathers. To another, Paul is certainly an Anglo-Saxon. Another boy may be quite sure that his grandfather fought in the Revolution rather than in the Civil War. One student shrinks from scrapping the wisdom of the fathers as concerns the signs of the moon. One girl is interested to know whether the land where Christ lived is still in existence, and whether people in America could visit it today. One student is quite sure that all Negroes are descendants of Cain, their color being the 'mark' that God placed upon Cain for having slain his brother."

A stage star who is known for his *finesse* in taking scenes away from other players, is said to have a framed portrait of himself which he hangs in each new dressing-room. Inscribed on the picture are the words, "To myself, God bless you."

"This is an uncertain world," says Abe Martin. "We are here this week an' hit a telephone pole Sunday."

New York visitor: "Look at those pigeons."

Cape Cod native: "Them's not pigeons, them's gulls.

New York visitor: "Byes or gulls, they're mighty fine pigeons."

A SOLEMN-LOOKING man in the compartment of an English train remained silent for many miles. Then he leaned over and touched the man opposite him, and remarked, "There is much unrest in the world just now, my friend, much unrest." "You're quite right," answered the other. "I hope you are not unmindful of the fact that we all have a duty to perform. We must combat this unrest," continued the serious one. "I'm doing my best," said the other. "How is that, brother?" "I manufacture mattresses," replied the other.

"Buyers of cars are more particular nowadays than they used to be," reports the Kansas City "Star." "While they used to ask all sorts of questions about the mechanism, power, etc.," the auto dealer is quoted as saying, "now all they want to know is 'What is absolutely the lowest advance payment I must make?'"

"THE SURVEY" finds amusement in the fact that the first National Recreation Congress, held in Chicago twenty years ago, found it worth while to record that one hundred gymnasium girls appeared in "bloomers without self-consciousness." Those girls, we regret to say, were behind the times in 1907, for eleven years prior to that The Outlook published an article showing the proper costume for bicycling in which women are shown garbed in bloomers. And The Outlook even in 1896 did not have to use the euphemism "limbs."

Readers of this page have solved all sorts of puzzles, but can they answer these questions?

Why does a horse eat grass backward and a cow forward?

Why does a dog turn around three times before lying down?

Why does a hop vine twine to the right and a pea vine to the left?

Why does a horse when staked out by a rope unwind the rope while a cow winds it up in kinks?

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